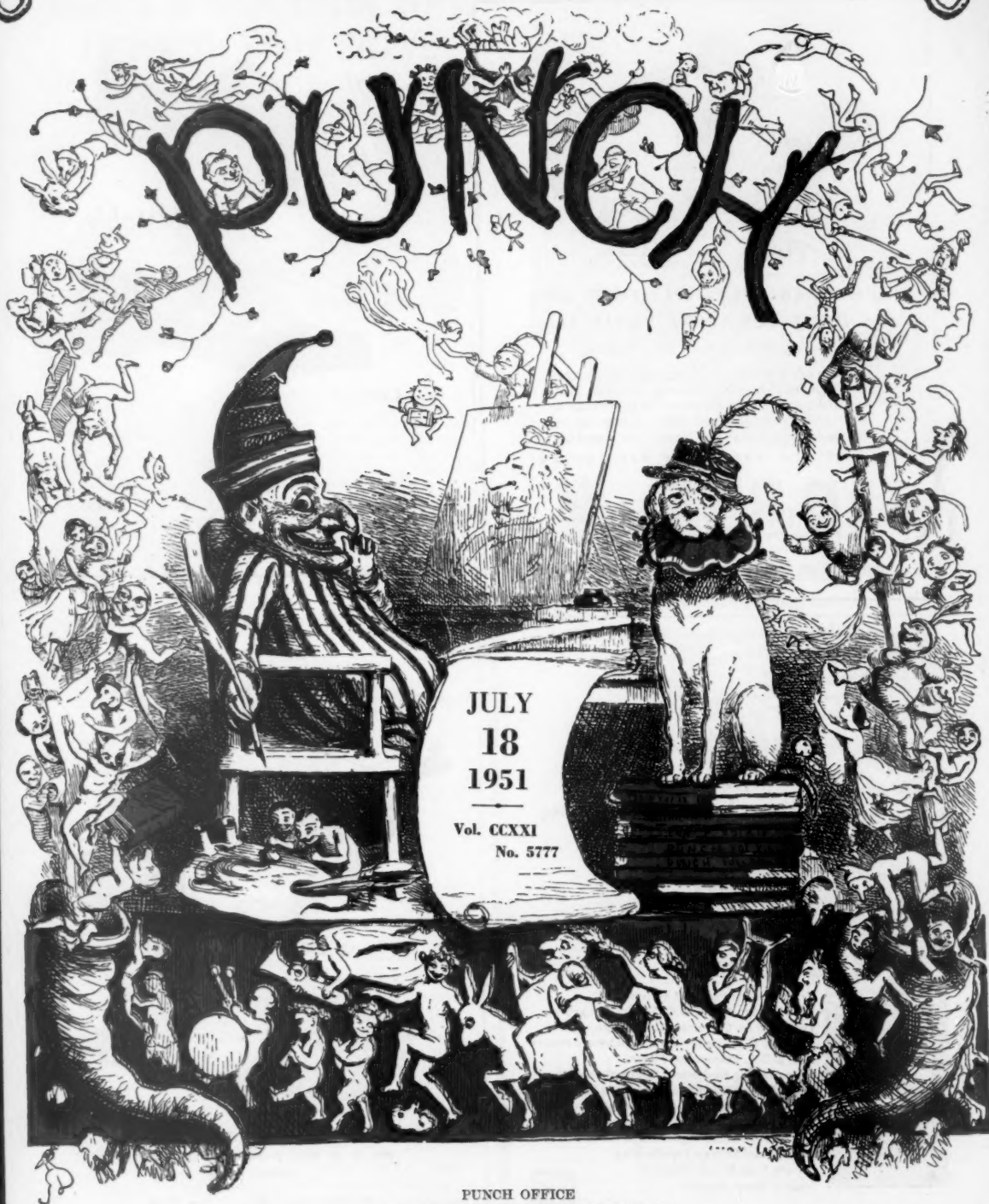


6^d

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, JULY 18 1951

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



**WHETHER WET—WEATHER DRY
IDRIS SQUASHES SATISFY**

—nothing fickle about IDRIS quality

You can rely absolutely on the unchanging quality of Idris squashes. These superlative soft drinks, so good, so thirst quenching are popular in all seasons and in all weathers. Only pure juice from carefully selected fruit finds its way into an Idris bottle. Insist upon Idris.

TRY IT AND TASTE THE DIFFERENCE!

IDRIS

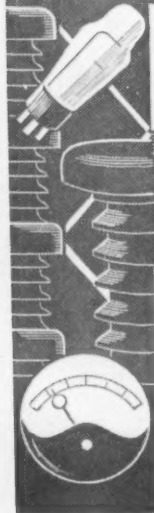
THE QUALITY SOFT DRINK



LEMON, ORANGE, LIME, GRAPE FRUIT—SQUASHES 3/- PER BOTTLE



Since 1882 Ferranti have been
pioneers in electrical engineering
for industry and the home



Transformers: Voltage Regulators.
High Voltage A.C. & D.C. Testing Equipment.
Power Factor Correction Condensers.
A.C. & D.C. House Service & Switchboard Meters.
A.C. & D.C. Prepayment Meters.
Meter Testing Equipment, Electronic Devices.
Radio & Television Valves & Cathode Ray Tubes.
Measuring Instruments. Switchboard Instruments.
Electric Clocks, Summation Metering Equipments.
Clip on Ammeters, High Voltage Indicators.
Current and Voltage Transformers.
Electric Fires & Space Heaters.
Electric Water Heaters.

Ferranti

Ferranti Ltd. Hollinwood, Lancs.
London Office: 36 Kingsway, W.C.2



cool



comfortable



casual

"Huskies"



"What shall we have?"



**"Let's have a
Gin and VOTRIX"**

It's two to one you'll like Gin and Votrix, if you
mix it in those proportions! Two-thirds Gin,
one-third Votrix.

VOTRIX Sweet 10/- Dry 12/6

HERE'S A WONDERFUL WAY TO FINISH YOUR SHAVE

SPLASH IT ON!



TO SOOTHE and comfort your skin after shaving, splash Aqua Velva into your hands and apply it to your face with a brisk rubbing action. Feel Aqua Velva refreshing your skin—cool, clean, comforting. Next—

INHALE!



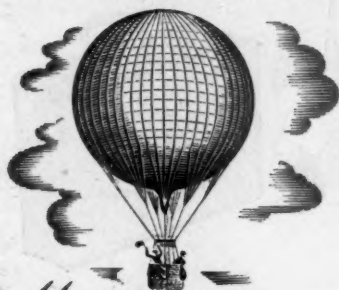
CUP YOUR HANDS about your face and take a deep, deep breath. This way, you get the full benefit of Aqua Velva's 'wake-up' aroma—the tonic fragrance that gives you a wonderful feeling of well-being.



AQUA VELVA soothes and refreshes the face after shaving. It lends first aid to nicks and scratches. It contains, too, skin-freshening ingredients that help keep the face youthfully soft and good-looking.

Try Aqua Velva after shaving tomorrow. You'll know immediately why it's the most popular after-shave lotion in the world.

A WILLIAMS SHAVING PREPARATION



Made for halcyon days

In that leisurely age which considered ballooning a hectic excitement, there was a genuine respect for quality. The Edwardians could certainly distinguish the excellent from the merely good—and numbered Straight Cut cigarettes amongst the former. Today, these fine cigarettes offer you the same full measure of enjoyment.

**LAMBERT & BUTLER
STRAIGHT CUT**

Cigarettes 20 for 3/6

MADE BY LAMBERT & BUTLER OF DRURY LANE
Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

S.C.14

ca



Plush dogs don't bark

To a baby a woolly toy may be indistinguishable from a living animal—but a dog-lover knows the difference! Baby's plaything won't beg for bones or run after sticks, however loudly you shout 'Fetch it, Rover'!

There are substitutes for wood, too, and to the ordinary person they may look just as good. But the expert knows the truth of the saying 'There's nothing like wood'. Wood is alive: wood has character: wood is something you grow fond of.

All very true, you may say, but can we get wood if we specify it? Well, there is a shortage of some traditional timbers—but on the other hand many new timbers are coming into the country. The Timber Development Association will be glad to put you into the picture on the supply situation. Why not drop them a line about your particular problem?

There's nothing like **WOOD**

ISSUED BY THE TIMBER DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATION
21, College Hill, London, E.C.4. and at Leeds, Leicester, Manchester,
Bristol & Glasgow

Summer Wisdom... WINTER WARMTH!



Did you suffer last winter from cold and discomfort—due to DRAUGHTS? Are you prepared to do so again NEXT winter season?

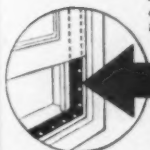
There is no need, when HERMESEAL can provide a permanent solution to all draught problems in your home or office. But Autumn demand and restrictions in supply will mean delay and disappointment unless you **TAKE ACTION NOW—BEFORE** the colder weather comes again.

DRAUGHT-EXCLUSION BY HERMESEAL IN YOUR HOME OR OFFICE MEANS JUST THIS—

- ★ PREVENTION of cold air leakage through ill-fitting doors and windows—the major cause of DRAUGHTS—by as much as 95%.
- ★ CONSERVATION of heat through the great reduction in the excess number of internal air changes.
- ★ SAVING of fuel, so vitally important these days, combined with a marked INCREASE in room temperatures, and general living comfort.

We are at your service. May we send you full details? HERMESEAL consists of a specially designed strip of phosphor-bronze alloy which is fitted by our own technicians into any type of door or window. It is permanent and carries a ten year guarantee, and will more than repay its cost in a few winter seasons.

Our local representative will be pleased to call.



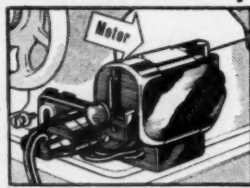
HERMESEAL

means warmer homes
BRITISH HERMESEAL LTD.

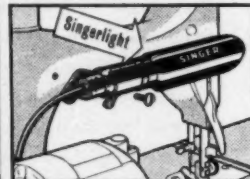
Head Office: 4, PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1. Telephone: GROsvenor 4324 (3 lines)



Look—no hands!



It's *so* easy by electricity... No more treading or hand turning—plug in to speedy, effortless, all-electric sewing, with both hands free! One screw attaches the *Singer Motor* to any machine.



The convenient *Foot Control* starts and stops the motor instantly and regulates the sewing speed. The *Singertlight*, also fixed by one screw, gives light where it is most needed—right on the sewing.



SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY LIMITED, SINGER BUILDING, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.4

For long service!

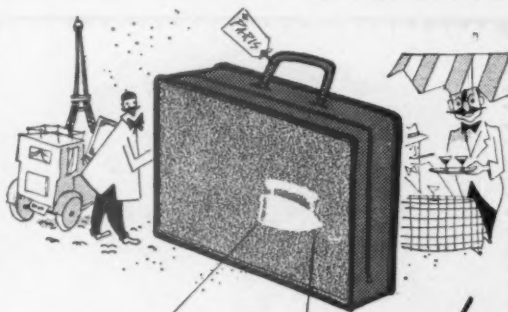


This Scotch Blackface sheep is honoured for the toughness of his wool. It goes, blended with other fine wools, to put the long-living bounce into BMK carpets. They are woven with Kilmarnock craftsmanship on modern looms, permanently mothproofed—and then given the distinction of the BMK label. And that's worth looking for!

BLACKWOOD MORTON KILMARNOCK

BMK
KILMARNOCK
KILMARNOCK

mothproof
**CARPETS AND
RUGS**



Travellers Joy!



The Gad-About

A full size iron which plugs in anywhere. Indispensable to the clothes-conscious and a boon where there are children. No packing problems, the Gad-About folds flat in its own case, weighs only 2½ lbs.

Price 42/6

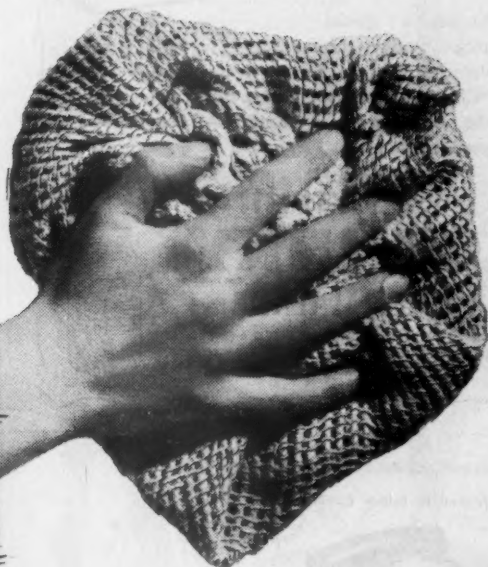
FALKS
Gad-About

ELECTRIC TRAVELLING
IRON

Obtainable from usual electrical supply vs.
FALKS U. DEPT., 91 FARRINGTON ROAD, E.C.1
WEST END SHOWROOMS, 20 MOUNT STREET, PARK LANE, W.1



Detergent efficiency



Shell Chemicals

Cleaning, besides being a fundamental precaution for health and comfort, is also a basic need in many industrial processes. In recent years cleaning methods have been revolutionised by the discovery of TEEPOL, a detergent derived from petroleum through the skill of Shell chemists. TEEPOL, first of the new detergents produced economically in large quantities, is today the biggest-selling

product of its type. Many branded domestic and industrial detergents have TEEPOL for their active base. Vast quantities are used in textile and laundry processing and in many other industries where cleanliness is vital. With its amazing power against grease and oil, its ability to suspend dirt and its very searching action, TEEPOL has indeed pointed the way to a cleaner world.



SHELL CHEMICALS LIMITED, NORMAN HOUSE, 105-109 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2
(IN THE UNITED KINGDOM)

Breakfast is better with **CHUNKY**

St. Martin's special recipe captures the full flavour of Seville's sun-drenched oranges in the bitter-sweet taste of "Chunky" marmalade. It has that refreshing tang the palate longs for in the morning. Nature's own goodness is in

St. Martin
CHUNKY
MARMALADE

THERE'S ONLY ONE "CHUNKY" AND IT IS A PRODUCT OF ST. MARTIN'S, MAKERS OF FINE PRESERVES. MAIDENHEAD, ELY, NEWCASTLE, HORSTED KEYNES, BELFAST.



Gold Cup Jaffajuce

I'd rather have a Jaffajuce



BECAUSE Jaffajuce Orange contains over 80% natural Orange ju'ce (which is three times as much as the standard laid down by the Ministry of Food)—plus, of course, pure sugar.

GUARANTEE: JAFFAJUCE is guaranteed to conform to the highest standards of quality and purity. If you are not completely satisfied please return the bottle, giving your reasons, to: Jaffajuce Ltd., Heather Park Drive, Wembley, Middx. and we immediately refund you the price paid, plus postage.

GOLD CUP JAFFAJUCE HAS BEEN AWARDED THE CERTIFICATE OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC HEALTH AND HYGIENE

Breakfast Orange for early morning

also Grapefruit-Pomelo-Lime

A Festival of Britain Exhibit



Hotpoint torribar safety kettle

A kettle you can depend upon—of pleasing design and high quality. The finish is chromium plate with a black handle. The famous Torribar water heating element ensures quick boiling; the full capacity of three pints boils in 7½ minutes. The element is set low in the body so that small quantities can be boiled. In case you forget—The Hotpoint Torribar kettle embodies an automatic device which, should the kettle boil dry, switches off and then resets itself for immediate use. Write for literature or visit your local electrical supplier.

Hotpoint

domestic
appliances

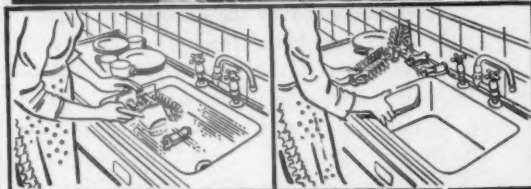
THE HOTPOINT ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO. LTD., CROWN HOUSE, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2
Member of A.E.I. Group of Companies

STAINES

Auto-Sink
FULLY PATENTED

Revolutionizes Washing-up

No longer is it a laborious, messy, troublesome job. The biggest pile of washing-up can be done quickly, spotlessly, and hygienically by vigorous under-water brushing by revolving nylon brushes. See how those greasy, food-encrusted saucepans and dishes become immaculately clean in a few seconds! See how the hands are protected from constant wetting! See how much longer the soap lasts! Who'll do the washing-up? Anyone will, gladly, with the 'Auto-Sink'! Write now for folder!



Revolving nylon brushes clean saucepans in seconds. Friction does it.

Brushes instantly removable, leaving sink ready for clothes washing, etc.

★ SEND NOW FOR FOLDER 'Goodbye to Drudgery!'
STAINES KITCHEN EQUIPMENT CO. LTD., 94 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.
Phone: Victoria 9772/3/4; 5403.4.

Fashion fabrics - the largest selection by-the-yard

Newest shantung Brocades and satins for wedding dresses

We regret we are unable to send patterns

Jacquard

16 GROSVENOR STREET LONDON W1

I'M so tired of saying to my friends 'Try this chair.' They all do, and they all go on trying it. And I — I who was clever enough to find it — I just sit and watch them revelling in the luxurious comfort of my Parker-Knoll. However, I have outwitted them. Next week a second P.K. arrives in my home.



(This is not a fable. There are many more Parker-Knolls about and you will probably get one from stock, but at the worst you should not have to wait more than a few weeks for the model of your choice.)

PARKER-KNOLL

To get the genuine article, see that the salesman writes the name "Parker-Knoll" on your receipt.

PARKER-KNOLL LIMITED • TEMPLE END • HIGH WYCOMBE • BUCKS
CVS-37



FROM HER SET OF Revelation Matched Luggage she chooses what she needs for every journey. Each piece is beautifully made, richly finished in elegant blue-grey, wine-striped fabric, and reinforced at the edges with special 'Rev-tex' welting for a longer, better-looking life.

REVELATION SUITCASE

Contracted it's right for a weekend. Expanded it holds enough for a month. The model illustrated costs £14.10s.0d. Other models from £6.2s.6d.

'REV-ROBE' WARDROBE CASE

Holds up to 12 dresses on hangers with tray-kid for shoes, lingerie, etc. As illustrated £19.17s.6d. Other models from £9.17s.6d. Also for men: to take 3 suits with room for shoes, shirts, etc. from £9.17s.6d.

REVELATION TRAVEL CASE

Handbag-sized, holds all journey necessities — cosmetics, toilet things, passport and papers. The model illustrated costs £10.12s.6d.



In addition to the cases shown, the Revelation Matched Set includes: Soft-top overnight case and hat bag; hat-and-shoe box, shoe case, trunks, etc.

AT YOUR STORE OR LUGGAGE SHOP

Luggage by REVELATION

REVELATION SUITCASE CO. LTD., 170 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1
Agents for Revelation Supplies Ltd.

*"At first the infant,
Mewling and puking
in the nurse's arms"*

At the start we had a plan for this advertisement. "Headlines", said someone, "let's use quotations from literature — about babies you know. Very appropriate". We thought it a good idea — until we tried to find the quotations. Then someone said, "At first the infant..." "Too obvious", we objected — but, after all, what we want to say is obvious. Namely, that a baby is not a calf and needs, not cow's milk which is calves' food, but a food specially made for him—or her. At Trufood we know this and we make a food for babies. Cow's milk is our raw material only. Our finished product is not simply a dried cow's milk, it is a special food specifically adapted to the nutritional needs of the bottle-fed baby. And if there had been Trufood in Shakespeare's day, there wouldn't have been so much mewling and puking.



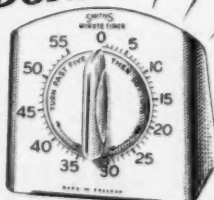
TPW 15-180

Alfred Never Worries Now



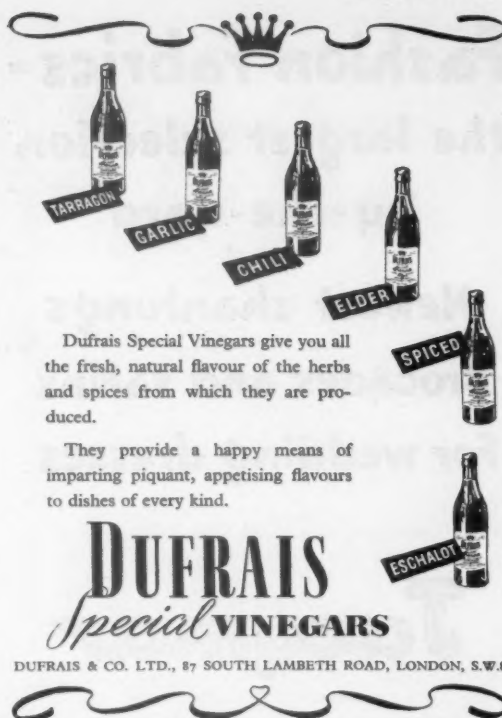
PING! IT'S DONE!

Nobody need get the blame now for forgetting 'what's cooking.' Smiths 'PINGER' times everything to the exact minute with its loud melodious PING! Essential in the kitchen, there is no end to the PINGER's other uses, and it saves its cost in a few weeks. Buy one and you'll quickly wonder how you ever did without it. Beautifully made in every detail and robust to a degree, Smiths 'PINGER' Timer is available from Jewellers and Stores everywhere.



SMITHS 'PINGER' TIMER PRICE 19/6d. FREE OF TAX

SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD., SECTRIC HOUSE, LONDON, N.W.2
The Clock and Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.



Dufrais Special Vinegars give you all the fresh, natural flavour of the herbs and spices from which they are produced.

They provide a happy means of imparting piquant, appetising flavours to dishes of every kind.

DUFRAIS Special VINEGARS

DUFRAIS & CO. LTD., 87 SOUTH LAMBETH ROAD, LONDON, S.W.8

SAY Crosbie's WITH CONFIDENCE
and taste the Fresh fruit



GOOD HOUSEKEEPING INSTITUTE
GUARANTEES

This recognised seal of quality awarded to all Crosbie's Pure Foods.

If any difficulty in obtaining supplies write to
CROSBIE'S PURE FOOD COMPANY LIMITED
FACTORIES: SOUTHALL, MIDDLESEX; GRIMSBY, LINCOLNSHIRE; WHITBURN, HAMPSHIRE; LAW, SCOTLAND. FRUIT FARMS: BRADLEY, LINCOLNSHIRE



'An antiseptic of course—but which?'

In this, as in all matters important to your health, let your doctor's experience and judgment be your guide. If, whenever there is risk of infection you use the antiseptic which your doctor uses and recommends, then you cannot go far wrong.

'DETTOL' The safe way to safety

*His problems never
left him...*



*now he leaves them
to Lorival*



L27

Lorival continue to provide their customers with a first-class service, in spite of present difficulties. You are invited to consult Lorival about your requirements of ebonite and plastic products.



**LORIVAL
PLASTICS**

UNITED EBONITE & LORIVAL LTD • LITTLE LEVER • NR. BOLTON • LANCs.



Not Pygmalion likely

What! Spill the beans about the secret recipe of Pimm's No. 1? No, no, dear sir, or madam, that will stay locked in our manly bosoms for keeps. Only six people know it, and we've sworn a fearful oath never to tell. But let us drop a hint. Pimm's choose the very best gin, and the pick of French and Dutch liqueurs. But the thing that raises Pimm's to celestial heights is... *but that's where we came in!*

PIMM'S No.1

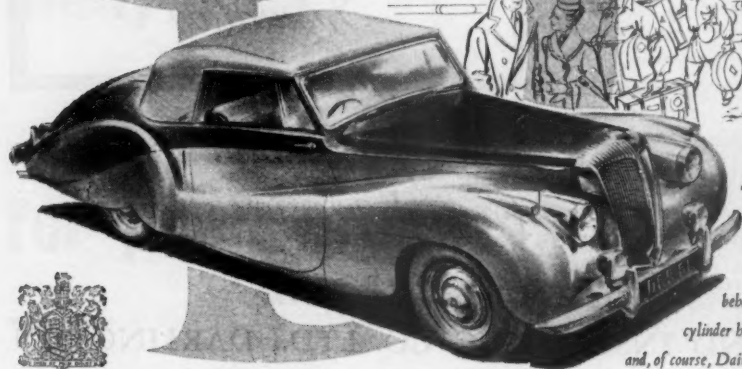
THE MOST HEAVENLY DRINK ON EARTH



*Player's
"No Name"
Tobacco*

Blended originally for an exclusive circle of pipe smokers, this special blend now enjoys an increasing demand created by the recommendations of its devotees.

It's undoubtedly a
Daimler—



BY APPOINTMENT
Motor Car Manufacturers
To H.M. King George VI

THE DAIMLER COMPANY LIMITED · COVENTRY

Something more than just a means of getting from one place to another . . . a car that brings new zest to travel. Swift, lithe, responsive in its effortless speed, the Daimler 2½-litre Special Sports is a delight to behold and a revelation to drive. Points to remember—new cylinder head design, dual carburettors, an overdrive on top gear and, of course, Daimler fluid transmission and pre-selective gear change*

* Licensed under Fulcan-Sinclair & Daimler Patents

D56

In **INGRAM**
you get LATHER and
LOTION in ONE



★ The lather goes farther
because it's concentrated

★ It's cooler and smoother
because it's mentholated

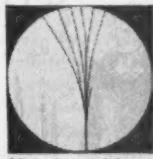
INGRAM combines its own face lotion

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, LONDON AND NEW YORK

50147

4 reasons for liking
Personna in the Zipak

1



Micro-photograph from a
Faké Pictorial film

Personna Precision Blades are hollow-ground so sharp that they can split a human hair into 7 separate strands

2



The Zipak puts a Personna Blade straight into your razor, unwrapped, untouched, ready for instant use

3



Zipak has a convenient underside compartment to dispose of discarded blades . . . It's neater . . . it's safer!

4

Costs no more. Ten Personna Precision Blades in the Zipak cost just 2/6 . . . that's the price of the blades alone! So you are paying no more for more comfortable, longer-lasting shaves, and you get Zipak's extra convenience and safety free. Buy Personna in the faster, neater Zipak—today!

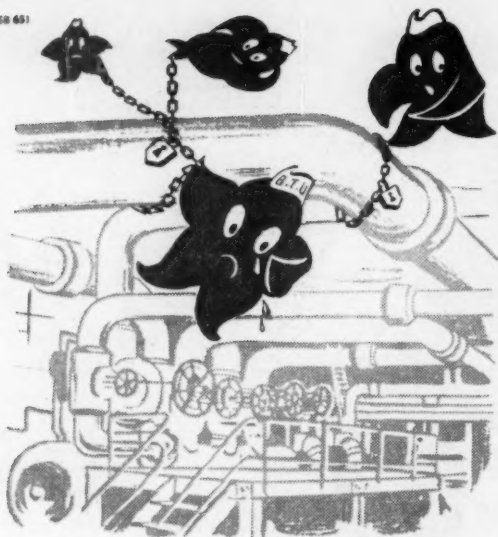
10 BLADES for 2/6
Also in packets of
5 for 1/3



PERSONNA
Precision Blades

Shave with Personna and you shave with Precision

58 681



Lock in your **B.T.U.'s**

DARLINGTON 85% MAGNESIA *Insulation*

*The supreme heat insulation
for high pressure steam*

YOU HAVE A PROBLEM. The technical division of the Darlington group of companies will design and install an insulation scheme to meet your needs.

Manufacturers:—

THE CHEMICAL AND INSULATING CO. LTD., DARLINGTON

Insulation Contractors:—

THE DARLINGTON INSULATION CO. LTD., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Sheet Metal Fabricators:—

S. T. TAYLOR & SONS LTD., TEAM VALLEY, GATESHEAD

"BOTH WAYS"

This hardy evergreen of life assurance, designed specially for young men, is more than ever the policy of the moment. Let it help to smooth your road through the years of endeavour ahead. You will put yourself under no obligation by writing for full details to



SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND

Head Office:
9 St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh, 3
London Offices:
28 Cornhill, E.C.3
17 Waterloo Place, S.W.1

Glavya SCOTCH LIQUEUR



Warm and genial,
friendly and kind, a
drink to linger over
... on all occasions
of hospitality.



RONALD MORRISON & CO. LTD. EDINBURGH

PRIMULA CRISP BREAD AND PRIMULA CHEESE



Dainty and Delicious.
Health-Giving and easily Digested
— Children Love Them.

KAVLI LTD., TEAM VALLEY,
CO. DURHAM

REMOVAL Estimates Free HOULTS LTD.

Specialists in Removals and Storage
LONDON OFFICE: The Depositories
Chase Road, Southgate, N.14
Tel.: Palmers Green 1187-8
Also at NEWCASTLE, CARLISLE, GLASGOW

every factory has

The *Harris range is wide enough to enable you to select *exactly* the right brush for any job—cleaning, dusting or oiling. The bristles won't come out unless they're torn out. The brushes last longer. Quality is standardised and guaranteed in each type. So, no duds in

many uses

your repeat orders. And last there's the big saving to be made by buying *one* brand from *one* source at agreed terms. Ask your local Harris stockist for details or write direct to us. L. G. Harris & Co. Ltd., Stoke Prior, Worcs.

for paint brushes

and there's a *Harris*  brush for every one

*There are 5 grades of brushes in the Harris range
CRC 9f



"This bend used to worry me—until I fitted John Bull tyres"

"The remarkable performance of these tyres has given me complete confidence in their road-grip and reliability—in any weather. Another reason I've become a John Bull "fan" is that they last so much longer than other tyres, and that means a lot these days."

★ WHY THE HIGHER PERFORMANCE?

Because John Bull are built to a more generous specification and because only the very finest materials are used. A John Bull tyre is a quality product throughout—built to give you EXTRA service and EXTRA mileage.



JOHN BULL

THICKER • WIDER • SAFER

MPA/5/51



Drawn by A. R. THOMSON, R.A.

He fights among the trees. It is on the constant war waged in the forests by entomologists like Walter Griswold, that world output of paper is greatly dependent. His enemies are the pests and parasites which attack the trees from which the wood pulp for newsprint is obtained. Thirty-two year old Griswold† graduated in Forestry at the University of New Brunswick and had already carried out research in the forests before joining Bowaters' staff. He is officer in charge of the Newfoundland field workers who pry into the cracks in the bark and beat the boughs over extended sheets to collect specimens of the pests threatening the growing trees. Once these pests have been identified in the Dominion Entomological Laboratory it is Griswold's job, in co-operation with Canadian Government experts, to plan the appropriate counter-attack. One successful method is the introduction of species of parasites and virus disease as allies to prey on those already in possession. It is largely upon the success or failure of this silent struggle to protect the forests that the supply of paper to keep pace with the world-wide spread of literacy depends in the years to come.

The whole wealth of Bowaters craftsmanship, experience and research in the art of making paper—the 'know-how' in short—is freely at your service.



THE BOWATER PAPER CORPORATION LIMITED

GREAT BRITAIN • CANADA • AUSTRALIA • SOUTH AFRICA • U.S.A. • NORWAY • SWEDEN

† Fictitious name for a real character.

ESCAPE TO THE PAST

Allowance for a Lord

WHEN George I ruled England, the monarch of fashionable society was Beau Nash. Incomparable dandy, and gambler extraordinary, he was known as the uncrowned Emperor of Bath. His betting was fabulous; his luck fantastic. Whenever he gambled, he won. Whatever he decreed, became law. His colony he ruled arrogantly; his life he lived recklessly.

Each day he wore a new coat tailored from the finest materials and trimmed with the richest laces. His chariot, which flamed with heraldry, was drawn by six matched greys. His person was accompanied by six footmen dressed in gold and silver livery.

One evening while playing cards, he won £5,000 on a single deal. A ruined lord witnessing the coup declared: "A sum like

that would make me the happiest man in the world".

With an impatient gesture, Nash pushed the money across the table. "Go then and be happy," he said.

• • •

Today, little remains of that age of careless luxury. We can still thrill to the mannered comedies of Congreve or the peerless panorama of a landscape by Capability Brown. But what further have we?

A hint of luxury survives in Perfectos Cigarettes. Made by Player's according to the finest traditions of that world-famous House, blended by the world's finest craftsmen, they are packed in boxes of 50 and 100. In an imperfect world, Perfectos Cigarettes are just about perfect.

"PERFECTOS FINOS"



CIGARETTES

Issued by the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

PF. 19

GET MORE FOR YOUR FARE TO...



AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

NOW! ONLY PAN AMERICAN
OFFERS NEW DOUBLE-DECKED
"STRATO" CLIPPERS*
ACROSS BOTH THE ATLANTIC
AND THE PACIFIC

JUST LOOK at these advantages you get on Pan American's "Commonwealth Plan" to Australia and New Zealand:

• Double-decked "Strato" Clippers from London, Shannon or Glasgow to New York—and from San Francisco or Los Angeles to Sydney!

• One through ticket all the way—Pan American routes you from New York across the U.S.A. on fast, modern airliners of connecting United States domestic airlines.

• Your hotel, meal and transit expenses are paid for in New York and San Francisco!

• Free berths and Sleepette* easy chairs are provided across the Pacific to Sydney!

• Complimentary drinks and meals on all Clippers!

• You fly the "Sunshine Route"—see New York, San Francisco or Los Angeles and Honolulu on your way!

• Special facilities for babies. Arrangements for speedy, inexpensive forwarding of heavy luggage.

• Takes only 5 days. Call your Travel Agent or Pan American at 193/4 Piccadilly, London, W.1 (Regent 7292).

PAN AMERICAN

WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

*Trade-mark, Pan American World Airways, Inc.

FOR FACES & PLACES

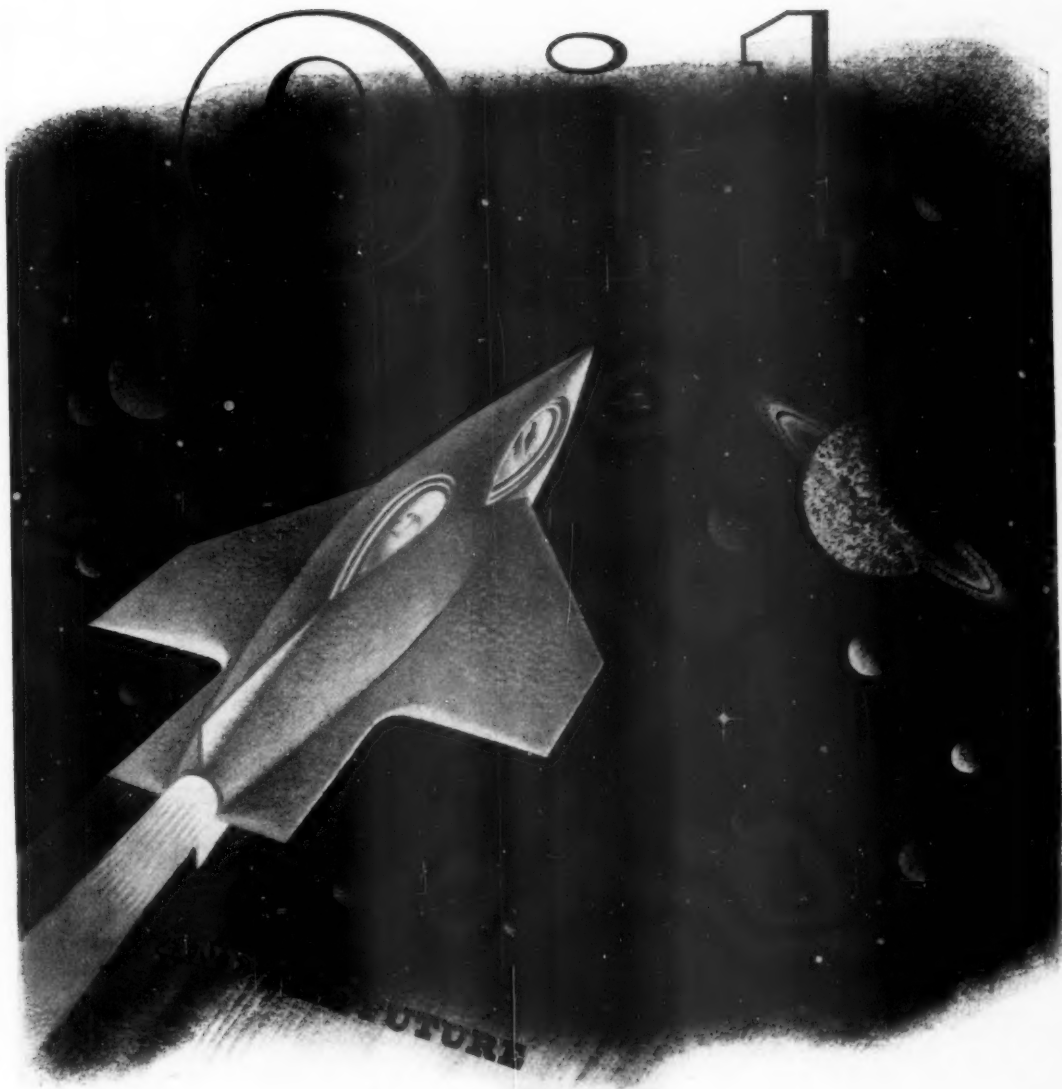


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* This map is reproduced as the frontispiece to a descriptive folder of Central London, which can be obtained free from the Dunlop Rubber Co. Ltd., Advertising Dept. (E2) Fort Dunlop, Birmingham, 24



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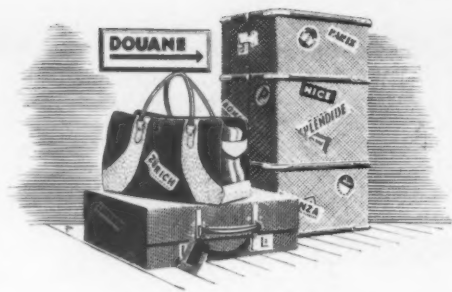
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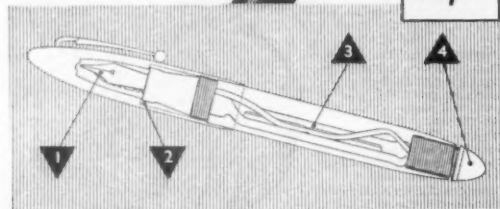
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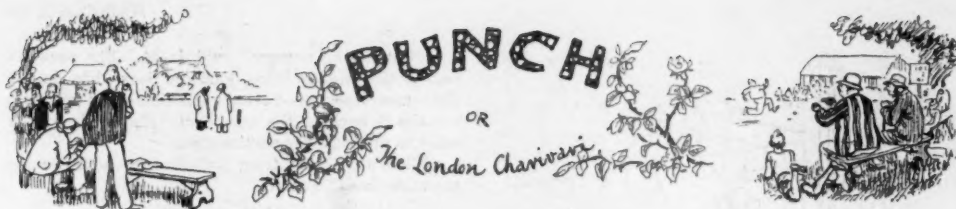
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CHARIVARIA

NINE Siamese admirals have been retired following the recent revolt. The government was rather distressed to find them all in the same boat.



The coal-miners' leaders want "to satisfy themselves that every official motor-car which drives up to any Coal Board office is serving some useful purpose to the industry." They might begin by considering the amount of coal that is being saved by not taking a special train.

"SHOULD
DOCTORS
SIT ON
BOARDS?"

"The Yorkshire Observer"

We should like a second opinion about this.



An all-in wrestling bout in America which lasted only two minutes was booed by the crowd. In future the management will insist that contestants keep strictly to their scripts.

"A Hawkedon (Suffolk) cricket match was held up by a rabbit."

"Sunday Express"

The leg trap should have fixed him.

A paragraph on the back page of a provincial weekly journal says that a pair of robins have nested in a letter-box. Considering the shortage of newsprint they were lucky to get in anywhere at all.

Tea on the terrace at Westminster, a columnist finds, is not the social occasion it was. Politicians nowadays seem reluctant to have anything brought out into the open.

"Get out that record book and jot down: July 4, Warwickshire match for the first time in history, match for the first time in history."

Daily Express

All right; but why?

The slow deterioration of the original Declaration of Independence and the American Constitution is to be checked by sealing the documents in a glass case filled with helium. It is feared that even this treatment could not save what is left of Magna Carta.

D9064A1





TABLE TALK

FOR some reason the door wouldn't open, except just a few inches, so I rang the bell and peered through the letter-box.

My wife came out of the kitchenette on all fours. I was surprised. She is an excellent walker.

"What are you doing down there?" I asked, putting my mouth to the opening.

"Don't be silly." She got up and began to brush her skirt. She seemed to be annoyed about something. She came forward and tugged at the obstacle until there was space enough for me to squeeze through.

A refectory table, lying on its side, occupied most of the available space in the hall.

"What is it?" I asked.

Janet said it was a table.

"I can see it's a table," I said. "But what's it doing in the hall?"

"It's the one I bought at the auction. I told you about it."

"But why do you have it on its side like that?" I asked. "Is it to discourage burglars?"

Janet said she didn't mind about burglars. All she wanted was to get the table out of the way so she didn't have to crawl between the legs every time she wanted to go in or out of the kitchenette.

It seems that the men she had hired to bring the table from the sale-room had been unable to get it into the dining-room. They said it was too big.

"Were they from Potter's, the removal people?" I asked.

"No. It was an old man and his son I picked up at the sale-room."

Janet has a weak spot for old men, and they are not always very efficient, so after supper I borrowed Jubb from Mrs. Jubb next door and we worked at the problem. I was surprised at the number of different places we coaxed that table into—almost everywhere except the dining-room.

At last Jubb said "It's no good. You'll have to cut off the legs."

"But it's an antique," said Janet. She wouldn't hear of any damage being done and decided to ring up the removal people—Potter's this time—and get them to take it back to the sale-room. She made up her mind to put it up for auction again.

When I got back from the office the next evening the table was still there.

"Didn't the men come?" I asked.

"Yes," said Janet.

"Then why didn't they take it away?"

"They couldn't get it out," said Janet, stiffly.

"What?"

"They spent an hour shuffling it up and down and then they went away. They said they couldn't understand how anybody ever got it in."

"Do you mean they're just going to leave it here?"

"They said they would come back to-morrow with some tools. And then they're going to take all the doors off."

I was waiting for them when they arrived at nine o'clock next morning. I was determined not to let them go away again unless they took the table with them.

The foreman had a bag of tools. "There's only one way to do this job," he said.

"What's that?" I asked.

"We take the door off the bathroom and slip the table back a few inches——"

"Yes?"

"Then we take off the dining-room door and run the whole thing across into the dining-room."

"We do?" I asked.

"Have to," he said. "Otherwise we won't be able to open the front door wide enough to get at the hinges."

"Never mind about that," I said. "Let me see you carry out the first part of the programme."

They did it quite easily. They said if we'd told them we wanted it in the dining-room they would have put it there before. It was getting it into the hall that was the difficult part, they said.

And they went away shaking their heads and wondering how it was done.

Punch Festival Exhibition

THE Punch Room and its famous Table are on view to the public at the Punch Office, 10 Bouverie Street, E.C.4, throughout the summer, on any WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY between the hours of 10 A.M. and 5 P.M. There is also a special Exhibition of original drawings that have appeared recently in *Punch*, including coloured originals for the "Festival" number—together with photographs of leading contemporary artists and writers and other "curiosities" of interest to the paper and, we hope, its readers.

There is no charge for admission.



SECURITY LAST



"I see Mrs. Edwards has another new pair of shoes, dear."

FESTIVAL FRAGMENTS

v

GUIDE. As we leave the South Bank and the Festival Gardens behind us, we head for home in what my script calls a condition of happy surfeit.

JOCK PARCUTT. Let us hope that your script has now run out.

GUIDE. There's only a little moral verse left and you will have to wait for that until the end of the tour; it is designed to encourage liberality in tipping me, and the effect might wear off if I recited it too soon.

JUNIOR PARCUTT. The day has indeed been one of intellectual refreshment.

MIGNONNE PARCUTT. Chat, dear, don't converse. We're beneath your level. Just try to remember that.

LUKE DOOM. We can't put off much longer pooling

ideas for the village Festival at home, the Committee having paid our fares and given us pocket-money.

MRS. CRAB-BROWN. One stick of rock each! We shall have to recoup ourselves by getting concessions. I shall try for the catering. I may not cook well, but I cook fast.

JOCK PARCUTT. I shall concentrate on diagrams of soil fertility. Nobody will look at them closely enough to raise awkward questions and everyone will praise them for the mastery of the art of Display. Nitrogen will be a little man in a pointed hat, a cloak and leather gaiters.

LUKE DOOM. If the vicar will let me have the vestry, I shall fill it with deck-chairs and the sound of

soporific music. Outside it will say "Slumberland: No information. Not Improving. Sixpence."

MIGNONNE PARCUTT. I favour Compulsory Fancy Dress on the Bowling Green and a poster linking it all up with the Defeat of the Armada. I shall lie in a hammock disguised as Good Queen Bess and allow the Finalists to kiss my finger-tips.

JUNIOR PARCUTT. I shall lecture in the Hall four times daily on "The Evolution of an English Village: Data and Viewpoints."

JOCK PARCUTT. I hope under a pseudonym. The effects of living you down have already made themselves felt in our drink bill.

MRS. CRAB-BROWN. Thinking of pseudonyms for Junior would be a pleasure, but one too likely to distract us from planning to get our cut out of the local Festivities.

GUIDE. I suppose you will want to book my services. Instead of conducting parties round, how would it be if I recorded a commentary which could be broadcast throughout the grounds from morn till eve?

JABEZ CROOMB. We could take periodical collections and switch off if they reached a pound.

LUKE DOOM. Winter will be on us before we are ready to admit the public. That is the worst of being both systematic and dilatory. We haven't got the New Year's Eve Dance over yet.

DRIVER. Is there going to be a Threading the Needle Race? I won it once. The secret is to rub wax on the thread.

JOCK PARCUTT. We are having a Festival, not a Fête. It is a matter of showing the best of ourselves, not amusing the worst. Can you demonstrate anything?

DRIVER. Blindfold ping-pong.

MRS. CRAB-BROWN. Every village has its Pageant. Let us ignore our history, what there is of it, and concentrate on getting over the main facts of something like Philology or Plastics.

LUKE DOOM. We have quite a lot of History, if you throw in the Jutes at one end and Compensation and Betterment at the other.

JABEZ CROOMB. Thank heaven we have no Village Crafts, except a bit of screen-writing among the newcomers.

MIGNONNE PARCUTT. Whatever we decide, we *must* have at least one item that is gay and inventive. say a Chinese Pagoda made of glass tubes filled with coloured water.

JOCK PARCUTT. Crowned by a cuckoo clock with a Chinese cuckoo.

MRS. CRAB-BROWN. Selling chop suey in cartons?

JABEZ CROOMB. You haven't got that catering concession yet. I guess you are hoping to pass off your failures at English cookery as Chinese food; but I shall put a spoke in your wheel.

MRS. CRAB-BROWN. That has always seemed to me rather a helpful thing to do.

JUNIOR PARCUTT. To while away the time on our homeward journey I will recite to you a Poetic Drama I have composed to provide a high-spot for our Festival. It is called "The Festal Virgins" and is written in a mixture of free verse and metrical prose.

MRS. CRAB-BROWN. Leave us our memories of this happy day unblemished. If an appeal to your better nature is optimistically misdirected, the fact that I have a skewer in my handbag may have weight with you.

JABEZ CROOMB. I never travel without a bowie knife.

LUKE DOOM. I was once told that I had strangler's hands.

DRIVER. Anyone want to borrow the tyre-lever?

GUIDE. Sing him down.

(Roaring choruses, the party pass through the night.)

FINIS

R. G. G. PRICE



THE FESTIVAL OUT OF TOWN

I. Pageant at East Grinstead



A GREAT nation at play is a heartening study. As always when appealed to for concerted action, our countrymen have responded magnificently this year, and throughout the land are carrying ambitious programmes of merry-making into resolute execution. A glance through the sumptuous handbook for the Festival of Sussex alone reveals jollifications on a huge scale: recitals on the pedal harpsichord at Horsham; a lecture on Shelley at Worthing; *The Acharnians* of Aristophanes in the forecourt of the Bishop's palace at Chichester; a new safety boat launched by the Mayor of Bexhill. Gaiety is all.

Into her Pageant of East Grinstead Mrs. Ursula King Ridley has introduced a Quite Ordinary Man; he serves as a stabilizing element in so much curveting history, and his theme throughout, as he sits on his barrow smoking his pipe, on the stage yet not of it, is: "Yes, but where do I come in?" And the Q.O.M. of revelling Britain, musing whether his high spirits can find entirely adequate release through new bus-shelters or lectures on the poets, may possibly think that a good, bright, sweeping pageant is more up his street. There is certainly much to be said for it. For one thing, a pageant can afford active occupation to a great many people, whether in the limelight or out of it. Satisfactory quantities can be soaked up in the actual cast, for a start. Backstage, saturation point is practically unattainable.

There was some doubt about the actual strength of the East Grinstead cast—numerically, I mean. The original handbills spoke of six hundred; later an official spokesman put the figure at about four. Then, when I eavesdropped on an impassioned rehearsal plea for strict observance of the split-second special bus time-table, I heard the producer stressing the organization involved in getting two hundred and fifty performers to the right place at the right time, and my attempts to get the point cleared up

were overlaid by worried cries of "Will it stop at Sharpthorne?" and "I don't leave work till six," and "Who's gone off with Sir Henry Compton's trousers?" However, let us say that there was a cast of hundreds.

This, of course, does not include horses, large numbers of which were also satisfactorily absorbed. Horses present special problems, not only of movement and stabling for the week, but of casting. I do not mean the casting of the horses themselves, even in the veterinary sense, but the necessity to select an actor because he has either (a) a horse or (b) a decent seat on one, rather than for his histrionic gifts. But the anxieties of Peter Smith, the Pageant Master, on this score never came to anything as far as I could see. Those principals who made such an effective entrance galloping out of the trees with their pennants flying had voices which matched their seats (if I may so put it), and an actor in Episode Six, required to depict drunkenness in the saddle—or equoxication—must have convinced even the horse. The animals also acquitted themselves well. If they sometimes forgot to maintain their microphone distance when champing their bits, thus surprising the audience with the sound of saucepans being moved ringingly on a stove, they more than made up for it by the contemptuous way they outstared the spotlights, and by their concealment of any private feelings that the whole affair was a lot of purposeless nonsense.

It is the fate of any theatrical presentation to be judged purely on results. The audience neither knows nor cares anything for the





setbacks which have or have not been overcome during the period of preparation. The thousand or more people watching the history of East Grinstead unfold, necessarily elliptically, the other night, had no notion how near they had come to seeing Adam atte Milne without tights, Elizabeth Woodville's attendants in ankle-strap shoes, or the soldiers of Edward I displaying the armorial insignia of Henry V. Among the pageant's many active friends were those who felt that any period costume but the present would do, and one lady in the cast begged the wardrobe department not to worry about her, as she could wear the dark red housecoat sent home by her niece in East Africa. The balance of gratitude and tactful discouragement over such matters is always a delicate one to maintain.

In the matter of his performance, too, the amateur player is as touchy as the professional; perhaps more so—he has never cultivated that toughening of the epidermis which blunts the searching barb of criticism. When, after a rehearsal of the election scene, the Pageant Master advanced smiling upon the cast and remarked "I should just like to say that I think that was perfectly appalling," a certain sullenness gathered over the lawns of West Hoathly Manor; the players toed the grass and hitched darkly at the sword-belts circling their tweed jackets; one or two sat on

their shooting-sticks and defiantly ate ice-cream . . .

But it was all worth it in the end, as the cast would be the first to admit. With the opening trumpet-call from the tall plaster-board tower a score of anxieties and apprehensions dissolved completely. The fact that different sets of faces had persisted in appearing at each rehearsal, that every episode had been staged by separate and scattered communities and only pieced together on the Sunday of production week, that the twelve volunteer pikemen from a nearby Army barracks were at one period reduced to a single private, who could only offer inarticulate shrugs



to explain his comrades' defection, that each actor had to go on the set in the horrible certainty that if he forgot his lines there was no possible source of a prompt—all this was forgotten. And with justification. All was well. The weather was kind, the setting perfect, the applause beautiful.

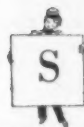
The cast of hundreds, by some miracle either of production or fieldcraft, kept itself hidden in the woods when it wasn't wanted, and appeared with confident promptness when it was; the costumes, for all they were nothing but silk and velvet scraps exhumed from countless trunks and attics, took on a

compelling authenticity, and their occupants were deftly disposed about the huge canvas; acting honours undoubtedly went to the authoress herself for a movingly underplayed martyr; and the Pageant Master, wedged aloft in the lighting scaffolding (and more securely bearded than any of the actors below) turned the pages of the book with the complacency of a man who never had any doubts at all.

It was eleven o'clock when the towered trumpeter reappeared, framed in a white, moth-flecked beam, to sound a long-drawn, lonely note; as it faded, the spotlight faded in sympathy, until there was nothing left of either, and the audience, long lost in the local repercussions of foreign invasion, religious intolerance, political corruption and industrial revolution, realized with a shock that they had been sitting in a Sussex meadow in the dark, with the dew stealthily creeping up their shins. So they faded, too, to their special buses and (Saturday only) special trains . . . and felt a faint, elusive thrill at finding beside them in the crowd a highwayman or two, a sprinkling of pikemen, a resurrected martyr, a band of strolling players now disbanded, a Norman knight, or a scurrying royal page with a smeared pink face. J. B. BOOTHROYD



AT THE PICTURES

Bird of Paradise—Up Front

SUMMER has set in; we can't expect a really good new film two weeks running, to put it mildly. It's quite a puzzle to choose between the three or four candidates for attention this time, and if I begin with *Bird of Paradise* (Director: DELMER DAVES) it is without prejudice to another Technicolor offering, *Cattle Drive*—a Western which from some (but not enough) points of view is much better. *Bird of Paradise* is an over-wrought story of passion, hopeless love and sacrifice on a Polynesian island, and the best thing about it is its picture of native life. A foreword tells us that it was made on the islands of Hawaii, Oahu and Kauai and that all the native customs shown and referred to are authentic; and in fact it shows up the weakness of the thing as a narrative that great stretches of it would be pointless and uninteresting if we hadn't had this assurance. Where they managed to get the erupting volcano—for like all South Sea Island stories, this has to use a disastrous convulsion of nature for its climax—I don't know; it looks real enough. Under the basilisk stare of the local holy man, the

Chief's daughter who has allowed herself to fall in love with and be married by a visiting Frenchman (he brings her gifts from Paris, France) goes and dives into the volcano to appease the gods, and the ending is of the well-known kind that may be summed up in some such remark as "And as he sails away he knows he will never forget." LOUIS JOURDAN's main duty as the Frenchman is to act as a sort of stooge to whom all the strange details of island life are explained; DEBRA PAGET is properly charming and submissive as the unfortunate girl, and JEFF CHANDLER has a noble-savage kind of part as her brother. It's just my frivolous mind that makes the most memorable thing about the picture, for me, a teasing query suggested by EVERETT SLOANE's portrayal of a beachcomber. Why does any beachcomber in this sort of film always make a point of retaining, all his life, the seafaring peaked cap he had on when he arrived?

From some of the advance publicity I judged that the simple and robust humours of *Up Front* (Director: ALEXANDER HALL) had been aimed at people who would like a story hashed up from the captions to a collection of comic war drawings by BILL MAULDIN dealing with two characters named Joe and Willie, who seem to have been the U.S.'s last-war equivalent of Bairnsfather's first-war Old Bill and Bert. I grew



The Course of True Love

André—LOUIS JOURDAN; Kalua—DEBRA PAGET

less and less hopeful as I watched two mature gentlemen in front of me at the press show exploding with mirth at some examples of these drawings reproduced in the handout synopsis. But as it turned out, the picture, though full of obvious and familiar army jokes and as corny as they come, proved quite entertaining. The scene is in what they call Iddly, and we soon leave the front (where, after all, men get killed, which would be disconcerting in a work of this kind—though we are shown the fall of a German sniper) for Naples: slapstick in hospital, comic chases in the streets, a beautiful girl with a little brother in the black market, and over all the unfailingly popular situation of the discomfiture of the dapper Military Police by the disreputable battle-stained veterans.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The best films in London are still *Four in a Jeep* (20/6/51) and *La Ronde* (16/5/51), but don't forget the bright new Ealing comedy *The Lavender Hill Mob* (11/7/51).

Two very good releases: *Ace in the Hole* (27/6/51), a bitter satirical study of the popular taste for sensationalism, and *White Corridors* (27/6/51), an admirable, quiet, friendly picture about a hospital.

RICHARD MALLETT



[Up Front]

... And Bearded Like the Pard
Willie—TOM EWELL; Joe—DAVID WAYNE

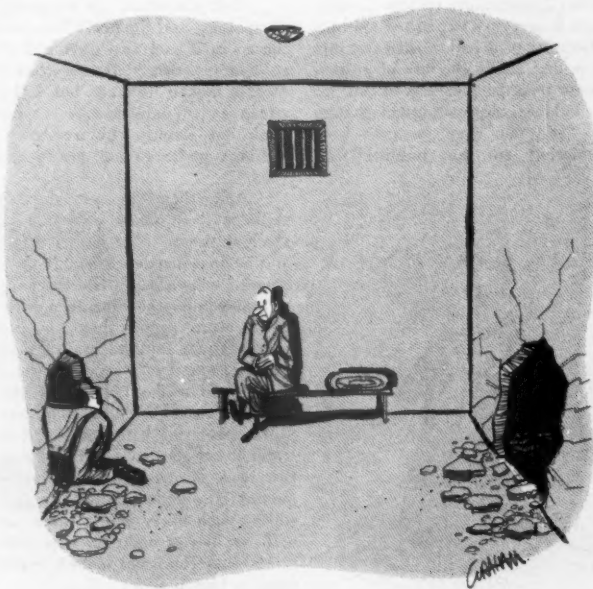
FROM THE CHINESE

The Tax on Dying

"WHEN I die,"
Said the scribe Ching Fo,
"It will be vain to search,
As I have warned you,
For gold coins
Buried in the garden,
For all my gold
Is taken by the Rulers.
But there will remain
A few old tablets
On which are recorded
The rambling thoughts
And flimsy narratives
Of this obscure person.
And it is possible
(Though not very likely)
That some of the citizens
Will wish to read the tablets
(And pay for it).
Therefore the Rulers
Have not done with me yet.
They will go to my wife
And demand a tax
Upon the gold which may come to
her
If anyone reads the tablets,
And pays for it;
When, of course,
They will take more taxes.
To demand money
Which a person does not possess
As a tax upon money
Which she has not yet received,
In the bad old days
Was accounted robbery
And punished by the torment.
Now it is called
A Tax upon Dying
And considered inoffensive.
All this will be done
While my wife is weeping
For her lord's departure,
Our children are inconsolable,
There is no rice,
And a sad tale
This humble person
Will tell to his ancestors,
Who never knew such things.
'But,' you will say,
'It is the same for all,
For Chung Wang Ho
Who owns the hills and valleys,
And cultivated fields;
For Wung Chin
Who devises fans
And under-garments
For the women.'
No,"

Said the scribe Ching Fo,
"It is not the same.
For when the Rulers have taken
The Tax on Dying
From the wife of Chung Wang Ho,
And the wife of Wung Chin,
What is left of the gold,
The hills and valleys,
The place of fans
And under-garments
For the women,
Will remain with their wives,
Their children, their grand-
children,
And so on,
For ever.
But fifty years
From the day of my death
The Rulers
Will take my tablets
From my wife,
My children,
My grandchildren,
And give them to the people
To read for nothing.
Very well.
It may be that my tablets
Are so important

They should be given to the people—
A pleasing thought—
But, if that be so,
I and mine
Should not be taxed
As if they belonged to us
For ever,
Like the hills and valleys
Of Chung Wang Ho.
For, after all,"
Said the scribe Ching Fo,
"I did create,
For what they are worth,
The rambling thoughts,
The flimsy narratives,
Recorded on my tablets.
But Chung Wang Ho,
So far as I know,
Did not create
The hills and valleys.
But these remain with him,
And my poor tablets
Are taken away.
One way and another,"
Said the scribe Ching Fo,
"It is perhaps a mistake
To write on the tablets at all."
A. P. H.



CEILING PRICE

FATHER gave a tragic laugh straight out of *Pagliacci* when the people from our flat's letting office told him how much they would charge to have our sitting-room walls and ceiling washed down under their auspices. Mother said "I wish you hadn't laughed like that. It might make for ill feeling."

"Ill? It's sickening," said father. "I'll find some reasonable lad who'll count himself lucky to get a pound."

Father's reasonable lad arrived too early in the morning; it was raining, and as he patted his damp hair he assured me that the weather was "quite fantastic."

While I hastily collected trays of ornaments and took down pictures, he dogged my footsteps, remarking that he particularly liked the still life I snatched from over the bookcase. He wasn't too keen on one of my landscapes, though, saying that all that foreground was "much too busy."

I hadn't the same complaint to make of him. When I brought him a step-ladder he sat on it for a long time before venturing to balance, rather frighteningly, on top. Coming back later with a cup of tea for him I found that he had washed two bits of ceiling about the size of gramophone records, and was sitting on the ladder again, reading a magazine.

"Did you ever see such base pandering to the public?" he

demanding indignantly, showing me a photograph in the magazine.

Three dirty grey circles scattered on the sooty ceiling greeted father that night; his reasonable lad had gone.

"Heights positively defeat him," I told father. "He said so himself. I gave him two-and-six."

After an uncomfortable evening in a stripped room which made our talk echo like those dream-voices in films about psychiatry, father decided "I'll get old Harry. Dear old fellow," he added affectionately.

Distance must have lent enchantment to father's view of old Harry, who used to spend much of his time working in our garden, on all fours and growling. He still growled; I could hear him doing it while father outlined the job and the payment. Father was remarkably silent about dear old Harry after the interview, merely saying that the poor fellow had gone sadly downhill.

Having looked thoughtfully at the piebald ceiling for forty-eight hours, father now decided that we should tackle it ourselves.

"Tell you what," he suggested, all sporting and brisk, "I'll do half the room if you two girls will do a quarter each. How's that?" Mother looked dubious, but father added as an inducement: "I can work out exactly the number of shillings we're saving per square yard."

"And then do we get the shillings?" I asked eagerly. A shadow passed over father's face and he told me that I hadn't quite grasped the idea. He suddenly scrambled up on the furniture, without a word of warning, knocked over a bronze Buddha, and marked out our course with a pencil.

"It will be like a game," he said. The game it was like was Murder, starting with half a pail of water being accidentally tilted into the desk drawer, causing sentimental relics to float to and fro; and ending with hasty words when, at half-past ten at night, mother told father that the room looked worse than it had before.

"My hands are beginning to resemble something in the Zoo," she added crossly; and father yelped "Ah—right up my sleeve! That's because you're talking to me!"

I was just staggering off to bed with a raging toothache in my neck when mother whispered to me: "At this rate the room will be a lovely pearl-grey all over in ten days. I've a good mind to send for the proper workmen myself."

"Father would never forgive you," I said.

Next morning at breakfast mother's still-grey and soda-soaked hands opened a letter. It was from her cousin, who announced that she was coming on Saturday. Mother didn't say much, but I knew what she was planning; and sure enough, as soon as father had left for the office, she firmly telephoned for the flats' two workmen.

They came, surprisingly, within five minutes; and with guilty pleasure we watched the glorious, muscular ease with which their strapping arms scornfully undid all our work—and father's. I was glad he wasn't there to see. The entire room, a pure, cream-coloured shell, was finished and drying out nicely, and mother was putting up the curtains, when we heard a key rattling in the lock.

"Here comes trouble," I murmured apprehensively.

I wasn't wrong. Father's heavy sulks thickened the air of our purified domestic shrine for a good three hours, and, as the evening wore on, mother and I waited uneasily for the inevitable explosion.

It came when mother finally ventured: "You—you must admit that it looks lovely, doesn't it, dear?"

"Well, about time you thanked me for my surprise!" said father.

6 6

"In Caernarvon every member of the police force is a Welsh-speaking Welshman and can talk with criminals in their own tongue."—"The Listener"
Taffy was a Welshman . . .



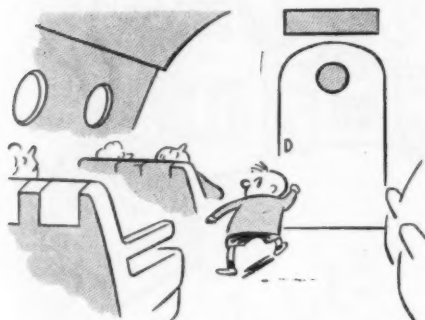
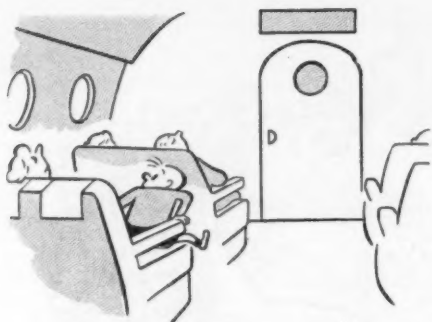


Sicence



"Well, I haven't been to the Festival, but I've heard about it."

ROUND TRIP



"TOOK the wife and kid to Seahaven on Sunday," said the big man in the corner.

"Don't know it," said Harold, wiping the counter with a dirty cloth. "Any good?"

"Didn't see much of it. As soon as you get there they try to shove you off somewhere else."

"Go on!" said Harold. "Sounds a rum caper."

The big man sipped his beer and started to roll a cigarette.

"Yes," he said, "we went straight down to the front, and while Ethel was getting young Doris an ice a bloke comes up to me and says 'What about a nice charabanc trip to Hastings?' 'Blimey,' I says, 'what do we want to go to Hastings for? We've come to spend the day in Seahaven.'"

He struck a match on the side of the bar and lit his cigarette. "And that was only the start of it. Before Doris had half finished her cornet up comes a geezer in a long white coat. 'Good morning,' he says. 'Down for the day?'"

"Just arrived," I tells him. 'Had to stand all the way and all.'

"You poor things," he says. "You must be tired. Now what you want is a nice trip in one of our super-luxury coaches. One's just off to Hastings—plenty of seats, and all sprung."

The big fellow took a long pull at his mild-and-bitter.

"I could have hit him," he reflected, "only I didn't want to muck up our outing. So I says to him 'Look, mate,' I says, 'I just paid ten and a tanner each for the kid and the missus and me to come to Seahaven on the excursion. If we wanted to go to Hastings, or any other perishing place,' I says, 'we'd have gone there direct from London.'"

"Quite right," said Harold.

"But believe it or not we'd hardly left him before another of 'em comes up. 'How about a nice Mystery Drive?' he says. So I puts down the sandwiches and walks over to him.

"What's the mystery about it?" I asks.

"Well," he says, "we take you for a lovely drive in



the country, only we don't tell you where we're going, so it's all a nice surprise.'

'Sounds daft to me,' I says. 'If you don't tell me where I'm going how do I know if it's going to be lovely? You may think it's lovely, but I might think it's lousy. And what's more,' I says, 'for all you know I might have been there before, in which case,' I says, 'it won't be a mystery or a surprise.'

"I bet that shut him up," said Harold, filling the big man's glass.

"Don't you believe it. Nothing shuts them up. 'I'll tell you what I'll do,' he says, 'I'll let you into the secret. We're going to drive to Hastings.' I nearly chucked the sandwiches at him. 'The next person who mentions Hastings,' I says, 'is going to get a thick ear.'"

He grinned reminiscently. "So I took Ethel and the kid on the pier. 'This'll fool 'em,' I says. 'They can't bother us here.' It was really peaceful on the end of that pier—not a charabanc driver in sight, only a few old sportsmen dipping their fishing rods in the water. And then what happens?"

"What?" asked Harold.

"Along comes a bloke in a jersey and a yachting hat, looking very pleased with himself. 'How about a nice steamer trip to Hastings?' he asks. I could feel the blood going to my head.

'Say that again,' I says, threatening like.

'Sure,' he says. 'Anything to oblige. How about a trip to Hastings?'

'Right, mate,' I says. 'You've asked for it.' And I caught him a fourpenny one right on the sniffer."

"Go on!" said Harold, impressed.

"Well," said the big man, "he went out like a power-cut, so we had to leave the pier pretty smartish. Ethel grabbed the sandwiches and I grabbed Doris and we beat it back to the promenade. 'Come on, Ethel,' I says, 'we'd better go for one of them perishing charabanc rides then.' And we hopped on one that was just moving off."

"Ah," said Harold. "So you did go to Hastings then?"

"Not blooming likely, mate. No, we copped a day trip to London to see the Festival."

IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

At evening, when the tiresome beeves
Come drooling back across the lea,
And when the moon, slow-sailing, heaves
Her bulk across the darkling sea,
And bats do flap around the eaves
In scranrel-piping harmony;

At evening, when the timorous stars
Crawl from their hiding, one by one,
And headlights from the passing cars
Across the cottage windows run,
And Squire hands round the big cigars,
And Tim the poacher oils his gun;

Then, like a crowd of ancient crows,
The old men gather at The Crown,
And grumble briefly of their woes
And in their nightly chairs sit down,
Calling for beer and dominoes.
But in the black and sprawling town

The spivs creep out from daylong dens
To pace the streets in search of prey;
The wayside bookies grasp their pens
And fill in slips as fast they may;
Over the great industrial wens
Broods the dark ghost of Quarter Day.

Hearts that are hard and full of guile
Beat faster in the dog-track flares;
Like the flood-waters of the Nile
The traffic surges round the squares,
But by Saint Paul's embattled pile
Drains from the City thoroughfares.

So through the night. The great men dine,
The small men seek their beds, and sleep,
Till in the town the thickening line
Of morning drays rolls down by Cheap;
And, in the countryside, the kine
Drool back to their enchanted steep.

R. P. LISTER





EMBROIDERY CLASS

LEAF-stitch, stem-stitch, bullion knot:
the needle halts, the hands are lame,
but gillyflower and bergamot
blossom in the tambour-frame.

Hands that mended, darned and patched,
gnarled hands, workaday-adept:
hands which for rest in leisure snatched—
hands in which a talent slept.

Lozenge, diamond, shell, rosette:
in soothing colours soft but rich
the patterns fill, or closely-set
or peppered with link-powdering stitch.

(Stiff in ruff and stomacher,
stiffer still of Tudor spine,
ladies stitched-in lavender,
butterfly and eglantine.)

Homely, plump, with greying hair
there they sit, entranced and mute,
stitching with as loving care
in the Village Institute

(As, with a like zest and passion
ladies, through incomputable hours,
in sprawling Jacobean fashion
embroidered trees, and birds, and flowers).

Pearl-stitch, chain-stitch, fern-stitch tracing
in and out the needle goes,
the patterned centuries interlacing
free as the English fancy flows.

Flows, and flourishes, and hardens
as decades more formal grow—
trim, but flower-sprigged as the gardens
or the waistcoats of the beau.

Fancy hardens. From its ampler
Caroline variety
in Victoria's youth, the sampler
puts in chains precocity.

Humdrum, cramped, the long years pass—
hands in which a talent slept
move in the embroidery class
as the novice grows adept!

R. C. SCRIVEN





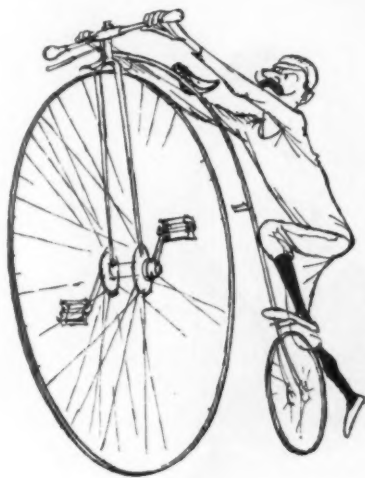
BONESHAKERS, DANDY-HORSES, BICYCLES

"THIS year," I said, "we ought to make it a cycling holiday. It says here that cycling is the healthiest, cheapest and most invigorating recreation, that holidays awheel are trouble-free and altogether satisfying, that the call of the open road can be answered joyously by all those fortunate enough to possess a modern cycle with dyno-hub lighting, flick trigger control with visual gear indication, stainless steel high pressure rims and spokes, the patent front-fork lock . . ."

"Have you seen our bikes lately? They've been in the out-house since 1945."

"Soon put them in running order. New inner-tubes, perhaps, and a few spokes. Make them as good as new."

"And where do you propose to spend this holiday?"



"Well, I'd rather thought of Scotland. We ought to be able to cover a hundred miles a day quite easily—two hundred perhaps. The farther we travel the more petrol we save."

"Oh, so you're not thinking of fitting these little motor things—like the one Mrs. Tooley has on her bike?"

"No fear! I said we'd go cycling, not motoring. We'll go under our own steam or not at all. Why, Reg Harris . . ."

At this point my cycling companion thought she heard a tradesman at the kitchen door and I was left alone to think out the details of our holiday. The first task, clearly, was to put the bicycles in good running order, so I decided to brush up my knowledge of the cycle industry and its history. (There's nothing like background information, I always say.)

I asked myself a number of crucial questions, which readers may care to answer with me.

1. How many bicycles are in use (a) in Britain, (b) in the world? Motorists should discount their first estimates by at least ninety per cent. "In use" means on the roads, not rusting away in garages, attics and lost property offices. "On the roads" includes all those cycles which at any particular moment are slipping their kerb-side moorings and crashing into the gutter outside the green-grocer's.

Well, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* puts the figures at ten million for Britain and sixty million for the world (1943), but these approximations are probably ultra-conservative. As you might expect, the Dutch, with all their tow-paths, have more bicycle per head than any other people, while the Russians, for all their Steppes, have only nine hundred thousand—fewer even than the Swiss. The Americans have barely twelve million, but then they only use them, I am told, to get

from their houses to their garages and back.

The Yugoslavs, as a matter of interest, have one hundred and fourteen thousand.

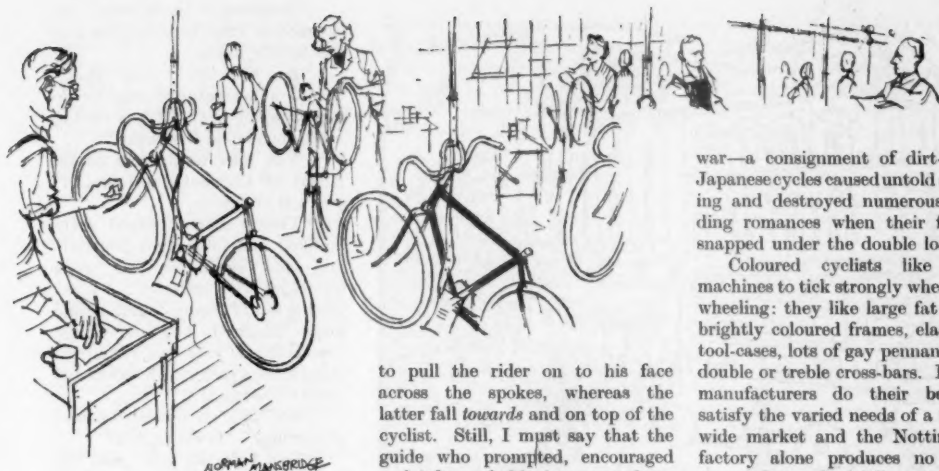
2. Which country invented the bicycle? Here we must ignore the views of Moscow and refuse to accept any further adjustments made to the Dome of Discovery at the behest of outraged Spanish visitors. The truth is that the bicycle was invented by a Scotsman, Kirkpatrick MacMillan of Dumfries. Earlier machines had been mere scooters: on the hobby-horse, celeripede or dandy-horse the rider sat astride a bar connecting two wheels



and paddled himself along by pushing at the earth with his feet. MacMillan's machine (1840) was driven from the back wheel by means of treadles and was the first mechanically-propelled two-wheeled vehicle. Yet it had no influence on cycling history and was soon forgotten. When the real era of the bicycle began (about 1865) the pioneer manufacturers experimented with front wheel propulsion methods (the "penny-farthing" for example) and it was not until 1885 that MacMillan's ideas reappeared on the market in the shape of the "safety" rear-driven bicycle. MacMillan rode his velocipede for many years and was once prosecuted and fined for "furious driving."

Britain, then: and no nonsense about it.

3. What was the diameter of the front wheel of the "ordinary" or penny-farthing bicycle? To answer this one I have no need to resort to the textbooks. The other day, or so it feels, I rode an old penny-farthing in the yard of a famous cycle



factory at Nottingham. The front wheel came up to my chin and I stand about five feet eleven inches in my cycling cape. I should have been quite a lad, circa 1872-1890, when the penny-farthing was all the rage, for tall men were at a great advantage on this machine. They could sit a higher wheel, command a larger gear, travel faster and cut a bigger dash than short men. Admittedly, they had farther to fall in case of disaster or emergency, as I discovered at Nottingham.

When I say that I rode the machine I am of course speaking figuratively. What really happened was that I made numerous attempts to mount the thing and once succeeded in getting my left foot on to

to pull the rider on to his face across the spokes, whereas the latter fall *towards* and on top of the cyclist. Still, I must say that the guide who prompted, encouraged and (after a fashion) supported my efforts at Nottingham managed little better himself. He seemed to be under the impression that the penny-farthing was intended to be ridden side-saddle.

Answer, then: up to and sometimes exceeding five feet.

4. What weight will the modern bicycle support? Here, obviously, I refer to British bicycles, which are easily by jingo the best in the world. In many countries the bicycle is considered and treated as a passenger vehicle and strong cross-bars are in demand. In some markets (roughly conterminous with those deceived by false funnels on liners) cyclists insist on *double* cross-bars under the misapprehension that they offer twice the support for their passengers—usually buxom wenches. In one market—this was before the

war—a consignment of dirt-cheap Japanese cycles caused untold suffering and destroyed numerous budding romances when their frames snapped under the double load.

Coloured cyclists like their machines to tick strongly when free-wheeling: they like large fat tyres, brightly coloured frames, elaborate tool-cases, lots of gay pennants and double or treble cross-bars. British manufacturers do their best to satisfy the varied needs of a worldwide market and the Nottingham factory alone produces no fewer than eight hundred different models.

The ordinary bicycle of to-day will carry a load of at least ten times its own weight without any apparent strain, and for this reason alone should be considered a pretty deft piece of engineering. I am told that its strength is derived very largely from its triangulated design, *plus* of course the skill and know-how that go into the manufacture and assembly of its one thousand five hundred odd bits and pieces. Yes, one thousand five hundred—spokes (thirty-two in the front wheel, forty in the rear), rims, brake rods, mudguards, valves, pedals and so on.

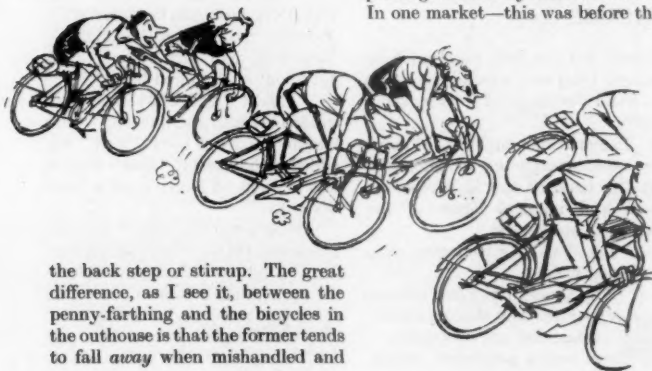
One of these fine days I intend to dismantle the machines in the outhouse, count the one thousand five hundred odd bits and pieces, clean them and put them back. And another thing I'm going to do before we set forth on this cycling holiday is to buy a new puncture outfit—a size 3 or 3A, a really big one with scores of patches of all shapes and sizes, and plenty of french chalk. I've never had a decent puncture outfit.

And one more question.

5. How long will it take an ordinary cyclist to travel from Surrey to Scotland assuming that he can cover one hundred (two hundred) miles a day quite comfortably?

Really? Now, look here! Reg Harris...

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



the back step or stirrup. The great difference, as I see it, between the penny-farthing and the bicycles in the outhouse is that the former tends to fall *away* when mishandled and



"I'm sorry, lady, but I'm a stranger here myself."

ON THE HOUSE

ON the whole things had gone well at the Village Hall, and the chairman of the Brains Trust was less dissatisfied with his team of experts than usual. Mr. Hammond (Law) had given a clear ruling on Trespass, most gratifying to the innumerable opponents of a new local landowner's high-handed way with footpaths. Mr. Bates (Current Affairs) had very nearly succeeded in explaining to whom the National Debt was owed. Even Miss Gorton had come out unexpectedly strong on the subject of whether a man

should tell his wife how much he earned (yes) and whether he ought to hand the whole of it over to her (yes).

The chairman might have known the session was passing too smoothly. At the back of the Hall rose the grim and inimical figure of the inquiring spectacles.

"Yes?" said the chairman, with a sinking feeling.

"Why should I pay 'em a thousand a year and buy their meals for 'em?" demanded the spectacles.

There was a perplexed silence.

"Members of Parliament!" exclaimed an inspired briar-pipe from the middle rows.

"So you do, young man!" agreed a sympathetic milk-bottle-top shopping-bag. "I was reading a bit about it in the paper."

"You refer to the loss on the House of Commons restaurant?" said the chairman.

"Twenty-four thousand seven hundred and forty-eight pounds!" said the spectacles, his voice trembling with self-pity. "I ask you! A loss of twenty-four thousand seven hundred and forty-eight pounds in one year on a restaurant catering for a paltry six hundred and twenty-five mouths!"

"No!" said an interested pair of jet earrings. "Is that a fact?"

"This I do tell you," said the shopping-bag. "I'd never have voted for our Member if I'd known what he was going to cost me in food."

"Mr. Bates?" said the chairman.

"Nonsense, it isn't Current Affairs, it's Law," said Mr. Bates nervously. "The business of Parliament is legislation, and if legislation isn't law—"

Mr. Hammond gave Mr. Bates a nasty look.

"It is impossible to run the House of Commons restaurant on strictly economic lines," he explained, "as it is closed for twenty-two weeks in the year, when the House is in recess."

"Holidays with pay!" muttered a hand-painted American tie. "Cor! All right for some, eh?"

"Oh, but that's absurd!" protested a rather warm fox-fur. "Why, goodness me, take a school like—like—well, like any school that's got about six hundred boys."

"Rugby," said Miss Gorton with sudden, dazzling erudition. "Six hundred and ten boys. Well," she added with honesty, "that's what it was in 1946. I haven't got a later Whitaker."

"There you are, then!" said the spectacles, taking over from the fox-fur. "A school with approximately the same number to feed, and open not many more weeks in the year. But am I called on to fork out £24,748 every year for their meals?"

"Come to that, how d'you suppose seaside restaurants manage in the winter?" said the earrings.

"If a man can't pay for his dinner he shouldn't order it," said the shopping-bag primly. "He can always take sandwiches in a neat little parcel. Much good it would do me if I had a slap-up dinner at the Ritz and found I hadn't the money and told 'em to stick another ha'penny on the income tax!"

"If that restaurant can't make both ends meet," said the fox-fur, "there is such a thing as putting up their prices. They had to do it just the other day with those two restaurants at the Exhibition, didn't they? Another shilling for dinner and another sixpence for tea, if my memory serves me aright. Well, now, why can't they do that in Parliament?"

"Probably need an Act," said the briar-pipe. "And if a Division was taken and the Government was defeated, why, they'd have to go to the country, you see. You can't precipitate a General Election over a little issue like a meal."

"If I've got to subsidize meals," said the spectacles doggedly, "I'd a sight rather subsidize meals I'm going to eat. I don't make a thousand a year, so why should I stand dinner to them that does?"

"You've got something there," said the briar-pipe. "They've just closed down that L.C.C. civic restaurant in Oxford Street—the Ramillies, was it?—because it was losing £180 a week. Well, the House of Commons restaurant has been losing getting on for three times that—and one we got the benefit of, and the other we don't. So it seems to me that if any restaurant has got to be closed down it ought to be—"

"Twenty-four thousand seven hundred and forty-eight pounds!" said the shopping-bag. "It staggers you."

"My goodness!" said the fox-fur. "If I had that money to spend on my housekeeping—"

The chairman rapped for order, and frowned imperatively at Mr. Hammond.

"Well," said Mr. Hammond, "you've got to remember it's a sort of works canteen. What I mean is,

as I take it, unless a works canteen is self-supporting, the firm helps it along out of its trading profits, but gets most of it back by calling it expenses and paying less income tax, so—"

He stopped. Something told him he had made a mistake.

"Blow me down!" ejaculated the American tie, who had been thinking with the help of his fingers. "That's about sixteen bob a week we pay out in food for every man-jack of 'em!"

"Pretty rich living!" commented the shopping-bag acidly.

"Well, I must say," said the fox-fur, "if I couldn't pay for my own meals out of a thousand a year—if I had to take the hat round—"

The chairman looked helplessly at his team. His team looked helplessly at him. All felt in that moment that they held the fair

name of the Mother of Parliaments in their hands.

"The sum involved is not really so considerable when you bear in mind the present-day purchasing-power of the pound," said Mr. Bates. He said it in a whisper, hoping nobody would hear.

"If there are no further questions—" said the chairman briskly.

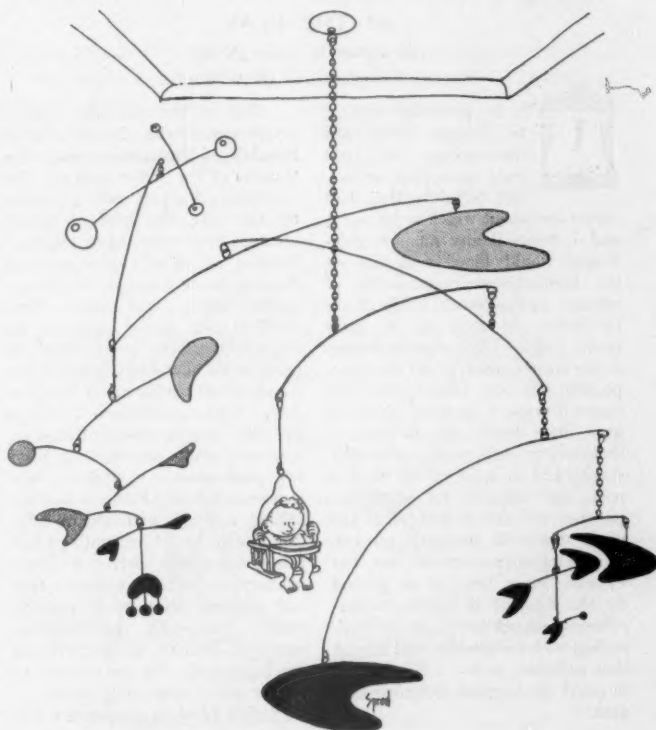
"Hoy!" protested the spectacles. "There's my question! Why should I pay a man a thousand a year and—"

"Your question," said the chairman, rising, "is a Parliamentary one, and must be dealt with in a Parliamentary manner."

"Meaning!" said the spectacles.

"That I must have notice of that question," said the chairman, and signalled to the caretaker to start putting out the lights.

COLIN HOWARD





Indignation

Hilary Jesson—MR. GODFREY TEARLE; Nina—MISS MARY KERRIDGE
Filmer Jesson—MR. SEBASTIAN SHAW

AT THE PLAY

His House in Order (New)

Elsbeth Douglas Reid (New BOLTONS)



It is probably untrue to imagine that the theatregoers of 1906 were nicer than we are, but certainly they had rather less about which to be nasty, and I doubt if any modern playwright would hinge a drama on the high-minded renunciation of revenge, as PINERO did in *His House in Order*. It may do us little credit, but we have come to expect in the theatre that, given the guns, people will use them. For this reason PINERO's approach seems to us a little dated, and at times a little windy; but it gives us a healthy shock, and in spite of its conflict with our fashion for straighter punches the play is still full of the most admirable dramatic strokes. It is nearly fifty years old, but that PINERO knew his job is proved by the ferment in which we impatiently sit out the single interval, boiling with indignation and hoping that sufficient means will be found to grind the horrible *Ridgeleys* into dust.

Nina is the charming, incompetent second wife of a weak-kneed Member of Parliament under the thumbs of his earlier in-laws. He—*Filmer*—is a prig with a passion for the tidy, the kind of dreary creature who must have his hair-brushes at right angles and his shooting-boots arranged in chronological order; and when Nina muddles his sacred systems he imports a steely sister-in-law to regulate his household, in which the standard of perfection is his first wife. Nina, snubbed and ill-treated by the sanctimonious *Ridgeleys*, discovers some letters that blast her predecessor's reputation; she is persuaded by *Filmer's* brother Hilary, a kindly diplomat on holiday, not to use them; until at last this worthy man, driven to share our fury, shows them to his brother and restores Nina to a position which, even with the *Ridgeleys* removed, seemed to me without much promise. No one married to *Filmer* could ever smile again.

I didn't feel, as some critics did,

that Mr. JOHN COUNSELL's production gayed PINERO, but I thought that the character of *Filmer* needed adjustment. Mr. SEBASTIAN SHAW gives him an excellent back-bench façade, but also a profound insensitiveness to Nina's misery. Weak and pompous he has to be, but surely he should also appear a little torn between the vultures and their prey?

I liked Mr. GODFREY TEARLE's immensely sympathetic Hilary; his telling of a parable and his long speeches of dissuasion are capitally done. Miss MARY KERRIDGE is a delightful Nina who keeps us hotly on her side, Miss JOAN HAYTHORNE captures a minor vulture of note, and as the senior birds Miss WYNNE CLARK and Mr. GEORGE MERRITT make one thankful that England has now been fairly thoroughly disinfected against their type.

I am afraid Miss ELSPETH DOUGLAS REID fails to reach the standard we have come to expect of single entertainers who provide a whole evening of character sketches. She is at her best as a woman trying to telephone with a cold in her head, but in her other items neither her dialogue nor her observation is accurate enough to hold us for so long.

Recommended

London is lucky in two intimate revues that are both funny and intelligent: *The Lyric Revue* (Lyric, Hammersmith), and *Penny Plain* (St. Martin's). Peter Brook's production of *The Winter's Tale* (Phoenix) is too good to miss.

ERIC KEOWN



Impersonation

MISS ELSPETH DOUGLAS REID

AT THE BALLET

Tiresias—(COVENT GARDEN)

TIRESIAS, a new Festival ballet, had its first performance on a Gala Night last week at Covent Garden. The presence of Royalty and the names of Constant Lambert and Frederick Ashton as composer and choreographer guaranteed that this would be an Occasion.

There are many tales of how *Tiresias*, the mythical sage of Thebes, lost his sight. According to this one, he was struck blind because, having been miraculously changed from man to woman and back again, he was unwise enough to assert in the hearing of *Zeus's* disagreeable spouse, *Hera*, that women had the best of it here below. The ballet features a domestic quarrel on Olympus and includes among its characters two snakes, a picturesque Minoan *corps-de-ballet* and a strange *Neophyte* representing the moon. The double role of *Tiresias* is shared by MARGOT FONTEYN and MICHAEL SOMES, and the stage is filled with barbaric colour by ISABEL LAMBERT.

The composer has spared no effort to contrive a lively score. In the orchestra flautists flutter their tongues, oboists perform in the high register and a solo pianist plays fistfuls of discords. On the stage warriors drum the hafts of their spears on the floor and snakes find knuckles wherewith to rap out rhythms on the boards; but all this sound and fury does not conceal the fact that Mr. LAMBERT's musical inspiration has unaccountably failed him. FREDERICK ASHTON, most musically-minded of choreographers, is left to try to infuse life into a Galatea that obstinately declines to be anything but stone.

Balanchine, whose *Ballet Imperial* was also in the programme, is as impervious to music as Frederick Ashton is sensitive to it. He sets his *corps-de-ballet* playing a kind of oranges-and-lemons at a brisk trot while Tchaikovsky's second Piano Concerto wallows in sentiment—and gets away with it. But it is Tchaikovsky who holds one's attention in spite of Balanchine, and not vice versa. D. C. B.

RAIN POOL

IN this pool reflected lies
the loveliest of English skies
drawn from arc'd horizons wide
as the world's lands and seas
provide—
clear mirror, made ere man found
glass
or forgot that wonder was
a peephole into Paradise.

Pool wherein Phæbus' thumb has
spun
the new-minted-sovereign sun,
tramp's gold, that purchases all
riches
to be found in fields and ditches
and lasts—'tis only fools who
mock it—
as long as a hole in a poor man's
pocket.

Tramp's gold, with which a man
may buy
a 'buttonhole of blue bird's eye,
dew-distill'd honeysuckle's smell,
and, with no harm, the nightshade's
bell;

enough birds' songs to pacify
the mad Prince of Peacock Pie;
a true and accurate chart, that
shows
ev'ry shade of the guelder rose;
a punctual watch (what man wants
more?

When the water-lily shuts, it's four,
and five A.M. when the pimpernel
opens an eye to wink all's well);
a sauce called Hunger,
unknown to the trade
but never improved on since
proverbs were made;

a charm against misery, pain and
grief
compounded of every flower and leaf
the eye notes and the mind receives
(but mix not with it last year's
leaves);

and, by way of change and bounty,
all the fool's parsley in the county:
which has its beauty. Do not disdain
either that, or tramp's gold in a
pool of rain.

R. C. SCRIVEN



"It's from the Ministry of Town and Country Planning."



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, July 9th

The Opposition side of the House of Commons was in a curiously effervescent mood to-day, the Government side correspondingly depressed.

Every time anybody asked a question there came a storm of derisive cries from the Opposition benches at the Ministerial reply. Wit (of a sort) and repartee (one-way) hurtled across the floor, and the strange thing was that the Ministerial benches, for once, seemed inclined merely to "take it."

This state of affairs was so unusual that it seemed to call for an explanation—and, right at the end of Question-time, Mr. EDEN supplied it by asking what the Government proposed to do about three Statutory Orders rejected by the House at the end of last week.

So that was it! The shadow of defeat (in the middle of the night, by sixteen votes) still hung over the Government benches. The three Statutory Orders—about plaster-board, building plasters and gypsum—had been the subject of Prayers, which were successful, and that is always fatal to any Order.

When Mr. EDEN sat down, Mr. EDE replied gently that the Orders would be annulled, as demanded by the House . . . but that three new ones would be brought forward to take their places. With a triumphant cheer, the Opposition let it go at that.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON announced at a few minutes to four that at four o'clock the state of war between the United Kingdom and Germany, declared on September 3, 1939, was to end—not in a peace treaty but in a formal declaration that the state of war was over. This also received a cheer.

Somewhat less enthusiasm was shown for another statement Mr. MORRISON made, about the position

in Persia. This was that the Persian Government did not, apparently, intend to accept (as we had done) the findings of the International Court, ordering both Persia and the United Kingdom to restore "business as usual" in the oil-fields pending the settlement of the dispute over them.

Remembering Mr. MORRISON's last statement, to the effect that the position was becoming "intolerable" for the British oil men, the House listened gravely, and Mr. CHURCHILL said it would probably be necessary to have a debate soon.



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. B. Janner (Leicester, North-West)

All this seriousness came at the end of a little scene in which Mr. SPEAKER, having sat patiently through some rather laboured and unilateral pieces of Party warfare, remarked that it would be a good idea if those Members who took the trouble to put down serious questions were allowed to get serious replies, without the unsought aid of witty fellows who might have some fun but whose activities were apt to hold up the more sober-minded proceedings.

Students of Mr. Speaker's methods had been expecting this rebuke. When questions—or answers—go on too long, a brisk whack with Mr. Speaker's pencil on his papers can be heard. If the hint is not taken, the whacks rise in intensity and speed until the abashed offender's voice trails away amid a chiding

rattle like machine-gun fire. It is more effective than the noisiest gavel and very nearly as effective as a machine-gun. This afternoon the whacks had been frequent and imperious. After the rebuke no more were called for. The House was as demure as a nursery under sentence of premature bedtime.

The day's business was a mixed bag of Bills and a longish debate on the hospital service, which included some "Let-me-tell-you-about-my-operation" stories from Members who had had recent experience. The seventeen Members present—nine one side, eight the other—listened respectfully.

Tuesday, July 10th

When Mr. MAURICE WEBB announced that he wanted to make a statement

House of Commons: about the meat ration, Captain HARRY CROOKSHANK, the Opposition's food expert, sitting alertly opposite, fished out a stub of pencil and began to make notes and calculations on the back of an envelope, with all the eager speed of a housewife making ends meet.

And some swift calculations were called for, because, clear though the Food Minister's statement was, it was complicated by the fact that it included mention of both ration and price increases. So it was necessary to translate each increase in the meat into terms of current and prospective prices in sterling. Captain C.'s pencil fairly flew over the paper.

The ration is to go up, on July 22, from 10d. to 1s.—but the price is going up too, so that the shillingsworth will cost 1s. 2d. On August 5, the ration will go up to 1s. 2½d.—costing 1s. 5d. On August 19, the ration will be "at least" 1s. 7d. at the new price—or 1s. 4d. at present prices.

Captain C. rounded off his lightning calculations as Mr. W. finished, and Mr. CHURCHILL, with



his most cherubic grin, asked blandly whether the announcement meant that a General Election had been decided on. "Don't know," said Mr. W.

The Opposition indicated, with considerable emphasis, that they considered it probable, and then Capt. C. rose quietly to ask whether it was not the case that, when the increases in the meat (as distinct from the price) reached their peak, they would still be fourpennyworth less than at the corresponding period last year.

Mr. W., himself a lightning calculator of no mean order, saw this one coming, and ducked neatly, taking what used to be called evasive action. But the gallant Captain was up again, with precisely the same question, asked in a more determined tone. With an engaging grin the Minister again side-stepped, only to have the question

once more flung at him, with the information that, as the ration last year was 1s. 8d., and the peak this year (at existing prices) was to be 1s. 4d., the answer to the thrice-repeated query *must* be "Yes."

"It depends," said Mr. W., firmly, "on the operative words 'at least.' It *could* be more. But I'm cautious!"

The Prime Minister announced the appointment of a Royal Commission to consider the divorce and matrimonial laws, with Lord Morton of Henryton as chairman. Someone hopefully asked when the report might be expected, and Mr. ATTLEE replied that the hon. Member ought to know more about Royal Commissions than to ask such a question.

The House moved to an all-sorts bag of Bills which were polished off with the celerity associated with a sausage-machine.

Wednesday, July 11th

Opposition back-benchers did not show at their best when

Mr. MORRISON, replying to Mr.

EDEN, spoke in the Commons of the holding up of a British cargo vessel, *Empire Roach*, near Akaba, by an Egyptian corvette—"No. 61."

The British ship, he said, was boarded by an armed party, the radio wrecked and the stores looted. He had sent for the Egyptian Ambassador and told him to pass on to his Government the anger felt about the affair, together with a demand for appropriate action.

This was accepted by Mr. CHURCHILL, Mr. EDEN and other front-benchers, but some of the back-benchers made so much noise that the Foreign Secretary was moved to rebuke them for their lack of seriousness.

BOOKING OFFICE

Change or Decay

TO be readable a novel ought to be either very good in an old style or else completely fresh. (All great novels are different in kind from anything ever written before.) Even trivial novels by writers of minor talent are more successful if they attempt something new.

Too often the ordinary novel plays for safety by using a formula that has been successful already, and then its mediocrity has nothing to redeem it. The same amount of skill devoted to breaking new ground would make readers feel that at least they were getting a change.

In *The Bitterweed Path* Mr. Thomas Hal Phillips has done again what so many writers have done before. It is rather surprising that he has collected a couple of awards on the strength of it. Once again we are in the Deep South. Ugly passions seethe below the surface and erupt above it in alternate chapters. Dour puritanism wages a hopeless fight with the fires of adolescence. Tense feeling expresses itself in halting clichés or in fluent "oratese" but rarely in ordinary speech. Niggers are loyal and shiftless and threatening and unprotected. Off stage the Klan rides. The hero grows up the hard way, his sex-life having a high Kinsey rating. Happiness is brought in merely to provide the sweetness essential to the process of turning sour. The blurb says that comparison with Mr. Truman Capote is inevitable: it sho' is.

Mr. Phillips is a conscientious and ambitious writer, not just a hack cashing in on a boom. He describes

vividly; but everything he describes we have met before. If any subject has been exhausted it is homosexuality. If any community has become as wearily familiar as fellow visitors on a wet holiday, it is the South. Mr. Phillips has the technical equipment to produce better books than this. He will never do so until he either chooses fresh material or looks at old material with a fresh eye.

In *Jubel's Children* Mr. Lenard Kaufman tells a story that has not, as far as I know, been told before. He makes no pretension to be in Mr. Phillips' class as a novelist, but he has produced a much more readable and successful book. The characters, backgrounds and incidents are sketched in firmly and the modest theme is effectively developed. It should make a pleasant little film. A widower's four children squabble over which of them is to take charge of him. Some see mainly the threat to their private lives, others the chance of getting their hands on his money. Their personal stories are neatly interwoven with his. The bad characters are real enough, the good ones rather sentimentalized, and towards the end the treacle slows things down. Yet the book's novelty, slight as it is, offers something to the reader, and it is successful in what it modestly undertakes.

Mrs. Edith Templeton's *Living on Yesterday* takes riotous advantage of its unusual background. It is set in Prague at some unspecified date after the break-up of the Austrian Empire. The past on which the characters live is the age of Franz Josef, perhaps the last *ancien régime* that Europe will know. There are aristocrats, rich business men, social climbers and feudal servants. There are detailed descriptions of food and buildings and furniture and local customs. The principal figure is a scheming Baroness, the wife of one of the richest men in the country, who is caught and outmanœuvred by an adventurer. He marries her daughter, whom he tricks into running away from him and, in a brilliantly written scene, gets his mother-in-law to force compensation on him in hard cash.

The unusual flavours are so lightly and authoritatively blended that one gulps it all down with childlike delight. The novel has the same strangeness and the same clarity that made "Summer in the Country" such a treat, with sufficient difference of milieu to avoid any stale repetition of a success. Mrs. Templeton writes admirable narrative, continually varied in pace and angle. Her dialogue is spare and sensitive. Her comedy is never forced and never sentimentalized. She is an agreeably ruthless writer, but her ruthlessness dawns upon the reader only gradually. The morning after the party, one may begin to wonder whether the plot was sufficiently strong, whether the glitter was gold. But while the tzigane is playing, the Count fencing immaculately with the Baroness, and the cook confecting grilled pike with sour-egg-sauce, Mrs. Templeton can do no wrong. If she ever feels like deserting Central Europe she is badly needed in the Deep South.

R. G. G. PRICE



"You mark my words, the cost of living will still go up even if prices do go down."

An Eighteenth-century Authoress

Miss Emily Hahn has written just such a book about Fanny Burney as might have been expected from so accomplished a journalist. *A Degree of Prudery* is vivacious, a little slangy, and extremely easy to read. Perhaps Miss Hahn insists overmuch on the implications of her title, which she has borrowed from Fanny's sister Susan; for she looks at the eighteenth century with a very twentieth-century eye. She has not, like Austin Dobson, projected herself into the atmosphere of Miss Burney's world, and it is characteristic of her that she displays a warmer sympathy for the less orthodox and more adventurous Mrs. Thrale. Fanny herself she is inclined to patronize. She does, however, appreciate, and make good use of, the admirable diaries, the best of which she rightly places, as literature, above "Evelina." She makes the most of her heroine's very mild sentimental experiences, but, while rather prolix on the Windsor period, has only a couple of pages for her married and widowed life.

F. B.

Design for Sailing

The traditional ideal of beauty in sail centres on the lovely "Britannia" and her slim sisters the "Endeavours," in whose company Mr. John Arrow's ideal racing cruiser would cause the gravest misgivings as to the younger generation's outlook! In his *New Design for Sail* he calls it the Contemporary Sailing Vessel, and with its stressed skin hull of skimming dish form, overlapping headsails, small mainsail, light displacement and reverse sheer it departs far from the conventional but heavy old-timer, particularly when "climbing up over its own bow-wave," as he graphically describes the process of planing. But the only place where weight is good is in a steam-roller, and there is no doubt that "Gulvain," "Myth of Malham" and their kind have come to stay. They are functionally sound, have improved accommodation, and their speed permits a wide range of action in fine weather and the ability to escape to port from deteriorating conditions. Mr. Arrow is rightly enthusiastic about their possibilities, and the photographs by Beken and others accompanying his survey of modern trends ensure a welcome for this book on every yachtman's shelves.

J. D.

Man's Desire

Mr. Georg Brochmann's study—*Humanity and Happiness*—owes its appeal largely to its having been written, secretly, in a Norway cursed with the gloom of Nazi occupation yet in which Norwegian patriots could still draw something like content from reserves lying beyond the reach of brute domination. Tracing the various sources of happiness at all stages of life-development the writer, without much claim to originality but with considerable charm in the terms of his personal discovery, finds them arising in the body, the mind and the soul, jointly or severally. He is least sure of his

ground when becoming most nearly theological, appearing to confuse atonement with appeasement, for instance, and occasionally he wanders into rather objectiveless essay writing, but always his own personality comes through strongly and courageously true out of an environment where the war for human happiness was being waged against the might of Satanism embattled in the hosts of Hitler.

C. C. P.

"The Greatest Fun"

The blithe excursion into the field of autobiography which Admiral Sir William James entitles, aptly enough, *The Sky Was Always Blue*, is, as such a phrase suggests, characterized by a refreshing absence of the ponderosity so often met with in the reminiscences of distinguished officers, both military and naval. "I found life in the Navy the greatest fun," he says: and his book is no mere record of professional matters which, as he frankly observes, inevitably tend to become boring to the non-professional reader. It is the story of fifty years crowded with a variety of interests—"never dull, always happy, and sometimes exciting"—from the time he joined the Service when "captains of tops" and sail drill still existed under the White Ensign to the day when he hauled down his flag for the last time as Commander-in-Chief, Portsmouth. A keen interest in the business in hand, whatever it might be, is the outstanding characteristic of Admiral James's narrative, an interest which he carried after his retirement into his life as Member for a Portsmouth Division; and he does not hesitate to say that the best thing he



"I wish Rupert were here. He knows all there is to know about cars."

ever did was to move the Amendment to the Education Bill of 1944 ensuring adequate playing fields for the children of the future.

C. F. S.

Venetian Refresher

Whether you want to visit the Veneto for the first time, or merely to renew old memories and face recent changes—toying with the idea that to return might be worth while—*A Traveller in Venice* should answer most of your needs. Though the book also offers "a fresh revaluation" of aesthetic experience, it inserts the right wedge of Berenson, Ruskin, Symonds and Pater in the right place—which is possibly much better. It is helpful with good, modest hotels and restaurants: chiefly in Venice, for a car renders most mainland sojourns rather brief. These range from Bassano and Asolo to Ravenna and Mantua. Gala performances for the P. E. N. Congress of 1949 tend to obscure the *piccolo mondo* of Vicenza. And Vicenza's lovely little walled neighbour Cittadella is omitted altogether. But Mr. Derek Patmore has enjoyed several pleasantly out-of-the-way experiences: such as seeing a glass chandelier made to order in half an hour—after closing time—in Murano.

H. P. E.

Mr. Blandings Sells Out

Readers of "Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House" will be sorry to learn that finally he is worsted in his gallant attempt to come to some kind of rough

understanding with nature. In *Blandings' Way* he is still a sucker from the city, and more than anything it is his townsman's itch to awaken and disinfect sleeping dogs that brings down upon him the multiple wrath of the seeming-simple countryside, and so drives him back, in the end, to New York. The later intrigues that harry Mr. Blandings and his long-suffering family are not quite so good as the earlier parts of the novel, where his philosophy is sympathetically explored, but the whole book is funny and its satire on the dizzy world of American advertising, in which its innocent hero earns a rich though distasteful living, is a joy. An essentially human humorist, Mr. Eric Hodgins writes very well—in English, not in American slang.

E. O. D. K.

The Royal Festival Hall

The *Royal Festival Hall* is a triumph of municipal enterprise, and an age that can produce so austere beautiful a building as a home for the arts need not fear comparison with, say, the Victorians when its architectural record comes to be assessed. The appearance of the new hall, both inside and out, is at first sight startling; but after a stroll across its terraces and roof gardens (which command a panorama of London stretching from Westminster almost to the Tower), and a tour through the picture-galleries, restaurants, ballrooms and foyers that insulate from exterior noise what promises to be a perfect concert-hall, one realizes that this is, indeed, an ideal centre for the enlightened use of leisure. The handsome "Official Record," with its many diagrams and pictures, helps the layman to appreciate the imagination and technical skill that have gone into its construction. There is poetry even in the central-heating pipes.

D. C. B.

Books Reviewed Above

- The Bitterweed Path.* Thomas Hal Phillips. (W. H. Allen, 10/6)
Jubel's Children. Lenard Kaufman. (Macmillan, 12/6)
Living on Yesterday. Edith Templeton. (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 10/6)
A Degree of Prudery: a Biography of Fanny Burney. Emily Hahn. (Barker, 18/-)
New Design for Sail. John Arrow. (Art and Technics, 15/-)
Humanity and Happiness. Georg Brochmann. (Gollancz, 14/-)
The Sky Was Always Blue. Admiral Sir William James. (Methuen, 21/-)
A Traveller in Venice. Derek Patmore. (Methuen, 15/-)
Blandings' Way. Eric Hodgins. (Michael Joseph, 10/6)
Royal Festival Hall: The Official Record. (Parrish, 30/-)

Other Recommended Books

Hermann and Dorothea. Translated into English verse by George F. Timpson. (Mitre Press, 7/6) Goethe's warm-hearted humane narrative poem of homely courtship and of stability maintained in face of challenge; scholarly and sympathetic translation. Readable verse with present-day rhythms; von Ramberg's illustrations.

A Place to Hide. Clifford King. (Hart-Davis, 9/6) Interesting, unconventional story of pursuit in the Balkans; good detail and characterization, and no emphasis on suspense for its own sake. All the trappings of a thriller without most of the usual absurdities.



"I know already who did it, Henry, but I suppose it will turn out to be someone else."

SNAX AT JAX

III

"It's all very well," said Jack, gloomily. "They come in and I get a bit of trade, but that road up!"

There was a longitudinal trench in the street outside Jax Snax, and clay along the pavement.

"That's right," said the laundryman, sympathetically. "What with that, I've got to park outside Dyson's for here, and they'll be turning nasty."

Jack was rubbing down the counter with practised precision. "Started the day after I had the front done green," he nodded, wincing at the memory. "They might have waited. Them drills. The dust in here, and on the front."

The laundryman shifted his creaking change-bag slightly and looked thoughtful.

"Number of times I've jumped at them," he said. "You'd think they'd be able to invent silent ones, wouldn't you? Stone the crows, the noise they make!"

"And it's not as though they were regular," said Jack, wringing the cloth out. "Not like you and the others. Not as though I'd want them regular, with that racket. Just come in for Woods. Clay all over. Course," he went on, "they start early like, and then they come in just after scrubbing-out time. Like yesterday. I'd just scrubbed out and they come. That clay."

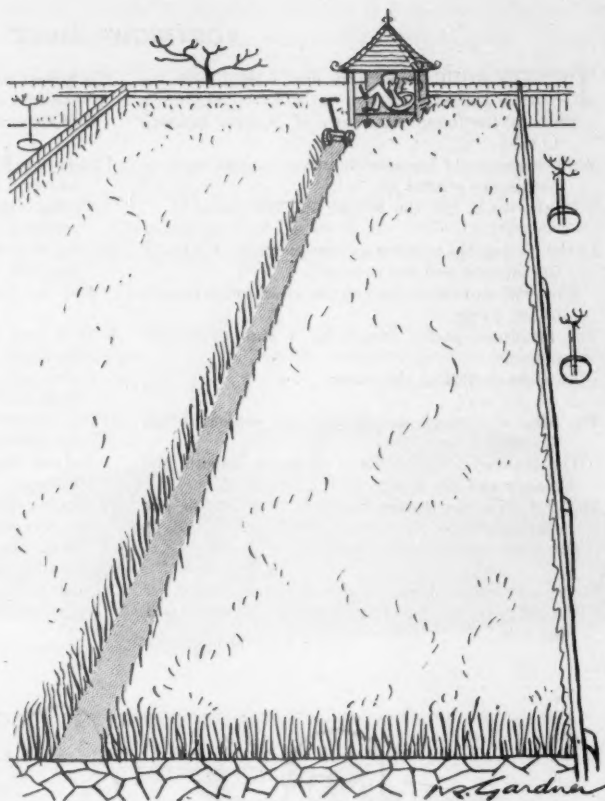
"I should've thought you was laughing, though," said the laundryman, shoe-scraping surreptitiously on the foot-rail. "With all the char they'd want."

Jack snorted.

"I do more with the buses," he said contemptuously. "Conductors. These blokes most likely as not bring their own, cold. Properly organized. It's only the odd ones come in for tea. Mostly they're after Woods. You should hear Else create at times. The extra scrubbing-out'll lay her up."

"Marvel to me how she puts up with it, with that," said the laundryman. "Not like some. I will say, I've never heard her at you."

Jack nodded. "It's not often



she's niggly, Else," he agreed. "We get on all right."

"Not like some," said the laundryman, crouching momentarily for a light. "There was a couple when I used to be on that grocery round. I've never know anyone like her for sauce. Bottles, I mean. Twice a week I'd be round and it'd be a bottle every time."

"Go on?" said Jack, suddenly remembering the crisps and dealing a rapid dozen packets on the eastern frontier of the counter.

"Straight up," averred the laundryman solemnly. "I asked her one day. I said 'Look. This sauce,' I said. 'You use it for bathing the nippers or what?' Then she told me. 'It's my hubby,' she says. 'Every time I say anything he doesn't like when he's having his dinner he says

"Shut up, can't you, shut up," and sloshes the sauce around the room each time he says "Shut up," he gets that het up." She didn't care. Dead funny, though."

"Here we are," said Jack, suddenly. "Packing-in time. You watch, it'll be Woods, Woods, Woods."

The roadmen began to file in.

"Eleven!" cried the laundryman, jerking up the snack-bar bundle. "Here am I sat talking. Oh, your change. One do, in silver? Two and six, four, six and two's eight, ten and ten's-twenty-a-pound. Ta."

He was at the door by the time the first roadman reached the counter. Jack's expression of resigned expectation hardly flickered when the roadman uttered the one word "Weights?"

FORTNIGHT AWAY

TWENTY-FOUR hours from now I shall have the
office behind me

Without the imminent misery of Monday morning
to face,

With a couple of counties between us and next to
nothing to remind me

Of the work, and the people, and the place:

Of the phones, the minutes and the meetings, the feuds,
the ferment and the rumour,

The swift and subtle manoeuvres of seasoned players
of the game,

The bitterness partly purged by a stab of cynical
humour

At someone feeling the same:

The office characters, the oddities, the subjects of all
the stories,

The ordinary chaps and the arty, the smooth, the
shaggy and the swell,

The girl with the golden hair who was one of our
greatest glories

But never could learn to spell:

The cheerful unemployables, the able and suicidal,

The old guard entrenched against the optimistic and
the new,

The honest men and the crooks, the earnest men and
the idle,
And the ones who hadn't a clue.

To-morrow I shall leave them all. I shall not be
harassed hereafter

By the canteen's daily special of yesterday's beef
re-born,

By the timeless talk of typists and their unintelligible
laughter,

And the *Daily Demagogue's* scorn.

I shall not care if Committees make indefensible
decisions,

If cleaners crimp their curls in the papers for the
Chairman's Board,

If the lifts entomb in the basement the heads of half
the Divisions,

And the Regulations are ignored.

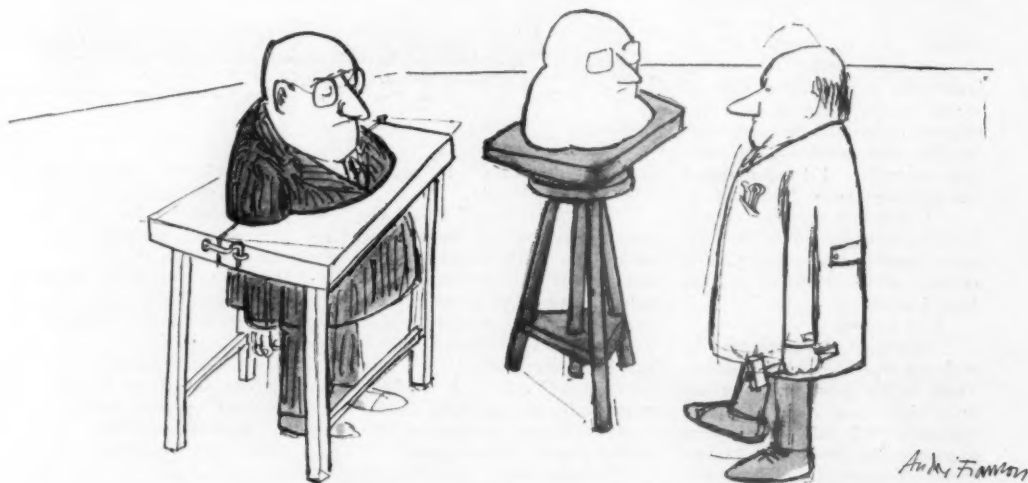
Letters may go unanswered and galleys go uncorrected;

The worms may eat the workers as well as the wood-
block floor;

The staff stay under-paid and their energies ill-
directed:

And nothing will matter any more.

P. M. HUBBARD



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Grace

"Prima Ballerina of the Show"—*Autocar* "Indescribable Beauty"—*Le Matin, Paris*. "The most beautiful car in the exhibition"—*Touring-Berne, Switzerland*. "One of the best looking in the world"—*Daily Mirror*. "Remarkably modern yet in impeccable good taste"—*Le Monde, Paris*. "Achieved an objective which previously eluded British Manufacturers—unmistakably British yet with most modern lines"—*The Times*.

Space

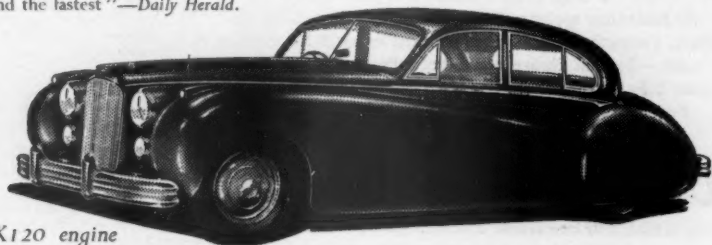
"Seats five to seven Adults. Four large suitcases, four golf bags and other personal effects can be accommodated in the luggage boot with the lid closed"—*Daily Telegraph*. "A roomy body that seats six in comfort . . . lots of luggage room"—*The Queen*. "Greater roominess . . . space in rear seat for three in comfort. Huge Luggage Boot"—*Daily Mail*.

Pace

"Well over 100 m.p.h. and phenomenal acceleration"—*Daily Telegraph*. "Can do a hundred plus miles an hour"—*New Yorker*. "The famous XK120 engine guarantees a genuine 100 m.p.h. . . plus!"—*The Queen*. "Will travel at 106 m.p.h."—*Daily Mirror*. "Britain's most outstanding car—and the fastest"—*Daily Herald*.

JAGUAR Mark VII

Powered by the world-famous XK120 engine



... but if you want

higher mileage

you want . . .



The H.M. has a deeper, wider, flatter tread and is especially designed to withstand the heavy wear imposed by modern high performance cars.

Remember—they cost no more than ordinary tyres



I feel



like a



GUINNESS

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A **GUINNESS** WHEN YOU'RE HOT AND TIRED



*A bouquet
for Coate's
Cider from
author*

BEVERLEY NICHOLS

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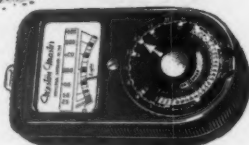
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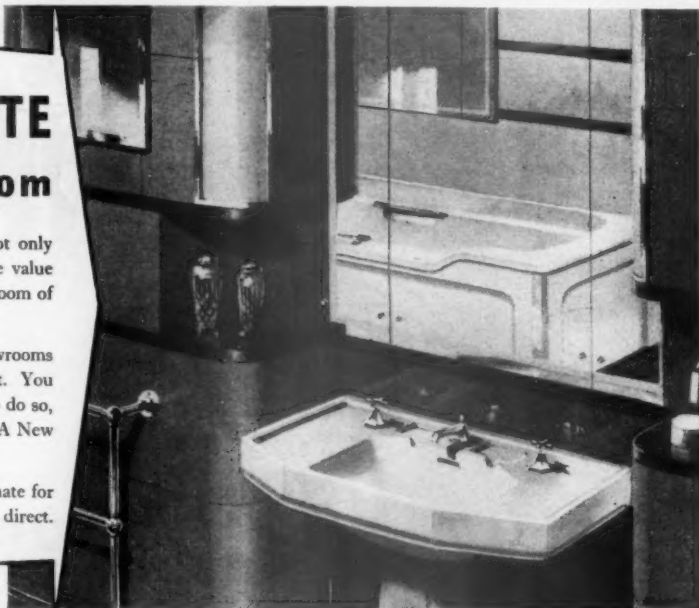
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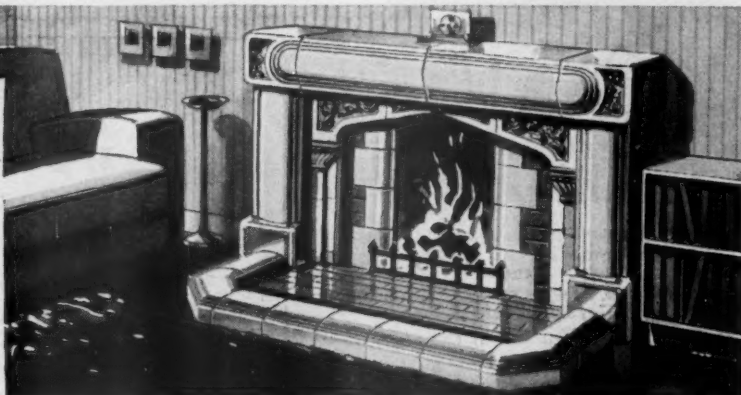
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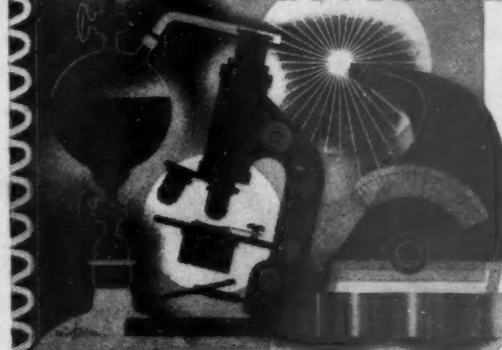
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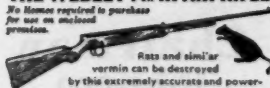
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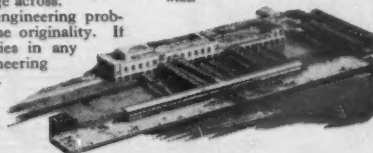


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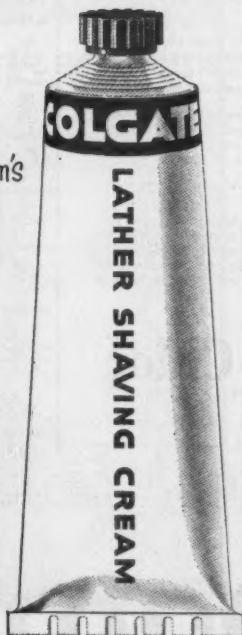


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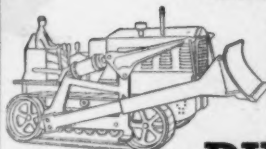


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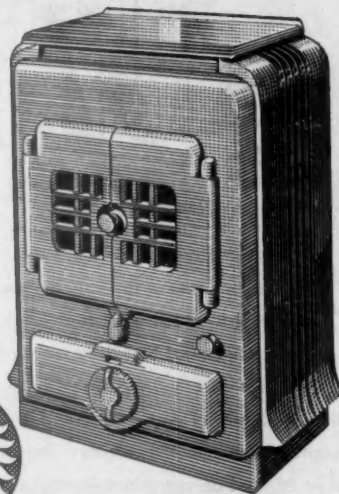


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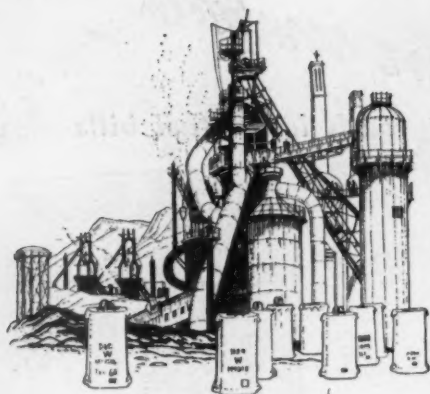
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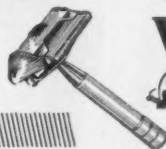
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